THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4021

JULY 30, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CONDITIONS IN ANATOLIA

GENERAL LIMAN VON SANDERS, who was in charge of the German military mission in Turkey during the war, contributes a short article to *Vossische Zeitung* upon the present situation in the former Ottoman Empire. He says that the Nationalist movement in Turkey was not foreseen at the time of the Peace Conference, and is not appreciated at its true importance even to-day. Mustapha Kemal and his associates have demonstrated exceptional ability as organizers. They have proved their capacity, not only in the military field, but also in other directions, such as the improvement of Angora itself, described in our present issue. They are actually extending their railway system, in spite of the existing unsettled conditions and the war with Greece. General von Sanders describes in some detail new rail lines under construction, new auto-truck lines, and new electric-power developments. He estimates that Mustapha Kemal's army numbers about one hundred thousand men, and that it is growing stronger daily; in particular, the artillery has been strengthened materially by the receipt of modern French guns, captured from the armies of Denikin and Wrangel, sent by the Soviet authorities. The Turks have even succeeded in abstracting some heavy artillery from the Constantinople arsenal under the very eyes of the Entente commanders. He says that the Nationalists have very ambitious plans — a Pan-Islam league to embrace all the Mohammedan countries from India to Morocco, with the Osman government at the head. The alliance with the Bolsheviki is merely an opportunist device, from which both parties receive material advantage for the time being. At heart, however, the Bolsheviki and the Turkish Nationalists are diametrically opposite and antagonistic. Mustapha Kemal has a foreign legion consisting largely of anti-Bolshevist and Russian refugees from the armies of Denikin and Wrangel. Von Sanders thinks that England will deal cautiously with Angora, in order not to antagonize its own Mohammedan subjects. Italy is laying the basis for a flourishing trade in the old Turkish dominions by its conciliatory policy toward the present Turkish leaders. Asia Minor is well provisioned; more than forty million kilogrammes of wheat, twenty million kilogrammes of barley, and large supplies of wool, hides, and tobacco, are in storage in Anatolia.

Colonel Feyler, a special correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* on the Greco-Turkish front, describes the military situation there last June as

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follows: The Greek army in Anatolia formed two mobile groups, operating on the north and south, when the recent campaign opened. The Kemalists attempted to make a drive between these groups, which the Greeks eventually checked. While the campaign has so far resulted in a stalemate, the Greek army is stronger than at the beginning of the campaign and its morale is excellent. Meanwhile, however, the Turks have also strengthened their own forces, which number between 80,000 and 90,000 regulars, in addition to auxiliaries. While the Greeks are the more numerous, the character of the country in which they are operating and their extended front make this numerical superiority a minor advantage to them. The extremities of the Greek front resting on the sea are 180 miles apart, a distance equal to the entire French front in August, 1914. Moreover, the Greek lines bend inward to a point more than 200 miles from the coast. The ability of the Greeks to hold this great area is due entirely to the existence of a large friendly population of their own nationality within these territories.

Reports of slightly earlier date from Angora represent the Turks as tremendously set up by their recent victories over the Greeks. One of the members of the National Assembly described his nation as the 'historical rampart of Islam' which had cut to pieces for the second time 'the most contemptible of its enemies, the Greeks.' At In-Eunu, Islam had been saved by the valiant Ottoman cavalry, 'whose very cemeteries formerly froze with fright the Christian knights at Nikopolis.' *Hakimet-I-Mille* (National Justice), the principal newspaper of Angora, satirizes the recent friendly overtures of France, which it calls by the Turkish equivalent of 'molasses to catch flies.' It says: 'The Tartuffes of Paris are pursuing their old tricky games in seeking an agreement regarding Cilicia'; and it threatens that country with a Turkish peril as well as a German peril. It is equally savage in its attack upon Italy, in spite of the latter's conciliatory policy. It accuses the Italians of being Machiavellians and cheats, 'who try to get by sinuous diplomacy what they have not the strength to take by force.' It characterizes England as 'the plague of humanity,' and tells its readers that the world will never have peace so long as an English government exists.' The only country which finds grace in Moslem eyes is Soviet Russia. The recent treaty between the two countries allots Batum to Georgia, and Kars and Ardahan to Turkey, and provides for the freedom of the Dardanelles.

Talaat Pasha, recently assassinated at Berlin by a young Armenian, in revenge for his leading part in the Armenian massacres, — a guilt so clearly proved that the German courts acquitted the assassin, — is thus eulogized by *Yeni Gun* (The New Day), which is the official organ of the Angora government: 'Talaat is a martyr for his country. That is beyond question. We bow with reverence at his grave, and bow lower yet to kiss his eyes. Talaat was a political giant. He was a genius. History will do him justice. Talaat was a man of the law.'

The same journal thus describes his funeral at Berlin: 'The funeral services in Berlin were of indescribable grandeur, attended by an enormous throng of many thousands. Every military, literary, political, and artistic celebrity in Germany followed the great patriot to his grave.'

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THE SOUTH SLAV CONSTITUTION

THE main provisions of the new South Slav Constitution, recently adopted by a vote of 227 to 93 are summarized

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in the British *Review of the Foreign Press* as follows: —

The State of the Serbs, Croatians, and Slovenians (S. H. S.) is a constitutional-parliamentary and hereditary monarchy. The official language is Serbo-Croat-Slovene. The King promulgates the laws, approves officials, and confers military rank in accordance with the law, is the supreme head of the land and sea forces; has the right of amnesty and pardon; and has power to declare war and conclude peace. Except when the country is attacked, he may declare war only with the consent of Parliament. He may not become the head of any other State without the consent of Parliament. No act of the royal power takes effect unless countersigned by the minister responsible. The King of the Serbians, Croatians, and Slovenes is Peter I of the House of Karageorgevich, and his heir is Prince Alexander. The Crown devolves upon the descendants of the latter in the male line by order of primogeniture. The King takes the oath to Parliament to maintain the national unity and the integrity of the State, and to respect its constitution and laws. Parliament consists of a single Chamber elected for four years by direct universal suffrage, in the proportion of one deputy to every 50,000 inhabitants. The representation of national minorities is guaranteed. The King may dissolve Parliament by decree, countersigned by all the ministers, which decree provides for holding elections within three, and the reassembling of Parliament within four months at the latest. Religious liberty is guaranteed. All religions recognized by law are equal and may be publicly exercised. The credits voted for religion are distributed among the various religions in proportion to their needs and the number of their followers. No minister of religion may carry on political propaganda when in the exercise of his functions. The State of the Serbians, Croatians, and Slovenes forms a single unified state. Special provisional enactments provide for the conversion of the federal régime in existence during the pre-constitutional period into an equal and uniform administrative system.

Among the matters which engaged the attention of the Convention was the official name of the new country, which has grouped around the ancient Serbian kingdom. Yugoslavia, or 'Southslavland,' was a name popularized during the war, to describe an ethnographic theory and to designate a political movement. Since the limits of the new kingdom have been defined, this term has ceased to do either of these things; for all the South Slavs are not embraced within the present frontiers of that government, nor are all the citizens of that government South Slavs. Meanwhile, however, the word has acquired a political meaning. It is, to quote *L'Europe Nouvelle*, 'redolent of separatism.' It is the favorite name of those who would submerge the old Serbian kingdom in the larger whole. The Serbs themselves are sticklers for another name, eventually incorporated in the constitution. This is the rather awkward designation, 'the State of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.' The new name had previously become common in official usage, especially in accrediting foreign ministers. The Serbs anticipate the eventual elimination of 'Croats and Slovenes,' and the resumption of the old name, Serbia, as the sole name of the new state.

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AS GERMANS SEE THE ORIENT

Vossische Zeitung prints, almost simultaneously, appraisals of conditions in Japan and China by its veteran correspondents in those countries. Erich von Salzmann writes from Tokyo, in April, that Japan does not seek war, but is mentally and materially prepared to extract the utmost profit out of the last war. An old acquaintance, now chief of the information section of the Japanese Foreign Office, told him in a recent interview that Japan was abandoning its aggressive policy toward China; that it would set up a civilian government in Yap, and that

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it would make satisfactory arrangements with the other powers regarding the cables. Realizing that sentiment in China was hostile to Japan, the policy of Tokyo would be for the present a passive one. This correspondent fancies that Japanese officials are willing to discuss questions of policy with foreigners more frankly than before the war. He describes a pacifist procession of eighty thousand men, which marched through Tokyo on May 1, to protest against war propaganda. Salzmann believes that it will require several generations for Japan thoroughly to assimilate its recent territorial acquisitions. He accuses American correspondents in the East of courting sensations, and exaggerating Japan's aggressive spirit. The dependence of that country upon the rest of the world has been greatly increased by its recent industrial development. The uninterrupted receipt of raw materials from abroad and access to foreign markets are necessary to keep its factories running and to prevent wholesale unemployment and distress. Consequently, new industrial interest is strongly pacifist.

Writing from Peking, about the same date, Dr. Waldemar Oehlke, professor of German literature at Peking University, gives a rather pessimistic view of political conditions in China, which he describes as having gone from bad to worse since the death of President Yuan Shih-Kai in 1916. The great provinces exhibit a tendency to secede and to set up independent governments. Mongolia revolted last December, partly at the instigation of Russian reactionaries, who wished to use that region as a base of operations against the Bolsheviki. The financial situation is very bad. Government officials sometimes have to wait months for their pay. At last the teachers organized and struck in order to enforce their demands for a special educational budget, which would ensure the regular continuance of the schools. The students at the university joined the faculty in the strike. Professor Oehlke assembled his classes at his own residence, and taught them privately. At the time of writing all regular university courses were suspended.

The Peking correspondent of the Peking and Tientsin *Times* sends to his paper an interesting paragraph describing certain phases of intellectual life in the Chinese capital, as illustrated by the recent teachers' strike. The teachers are split into two factions.

> One is composed of a number of youthful educators who received part of their education in Europe or America, and who seek to monopolize the government educational system and reform it to their way of thinking. This faction has already been divided over the publication of a book called 'Vernacular Poetries,' and the two divisions are devoting their time to hurling broadsides of denunciation at each other. The other faction is led by a number of agitators from the South, who have come here with the avowed intention of trying to induce the government teachers to move to the South and there establish new schools, which shall be either privately operated or run at the Canton 'Government's' expense. Wu Ting-fang, who is behind a move for a new university in the South, is said to be anxious to enlist the Peking government teachers — part of them, that is — for his faculty. The element led by the Southerners seems to be the most radical, and it is a well-known fact that at least one of these Southern agitators camped up here expressly to preach the gospel of Communism to the strikers. However, he has met with little response thus far, the reason being that it became known that only recently he was driven out of Kwangsi by the people of that province for his Bolshevist tendencies.

Commenting upon this, the *Herald of Asia* says: 'It is interesting to notice that the shrewd Southern leaders are cleverly taking advantage of the Pek-

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ing government's financial trouble, in order to invite the intellectuals to move southward to Canton, where they are assured of better treatment.'

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ITALY'S GREEN BOOK

THE Italian government has just published a Green Book giving a history of the negotiations leading up to the Treaty of Rapallo, thus exhibiting most commendable promptness in informing the public of the motives and conditions which determined that covenant. The volume discloses the fact that the Italian representatives were ready more than a year ago to put the city of Fiume in escrow, so to speak. However, Italy preferred that the trustees of the port should be representatives of 'states having a direct interest' in its commerce, instead of the League of Nations. Additional interest is given the volume by the official text of a convention annexed to the Treaty, by which the contracting powers stipulate that they will act together to prevent the restoration of the House of Hapsburg to the throne of Austria and Hungary. In this matter the new treaty and its annexes create a virtual alliance of the two Adriatic powers.

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CARPENTIER AND DEMPSEY

THE Continental press was disposed to regard the recent prize fight in Jersey City as a quasi-political event. *La Nation Belge* comments: —

It will be in a way a combat between a representative of the ancient Latin race and the man who symbolizes the physical prestige of the young American nation. . . . If Carpentier should triumph over Dempsey in this match, where the supremacy of two races may be considered as at stake . . . the Frenchman's victory will doubtless have an enormous influence upon the future relations of the United States of America with the continental nations of Europe.

L'Europe Nouvelle says: —

From the point of view of propaganda, the importance of such a result [Carpentier's victory] cannot be overestimated. No one in Europe has been able to stand up before Carpentier; but the American champions have always been considered superior to those of the old world. If Dempsey is knocked out, it will finish this title to glory hitherto monopolized by the United States.

These journals recognize the generous reception that Carpentier received in our country.

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KARL AT BUDAPEST

THROUGH the kindness of an American correspondent, we have received the following correction of an account of Karl's recent visit at Budapest, which we quoted from the London *Telegraph* in our issue of May 14. This somewhat less dramatic report rests upon the authority of a private letter received by our correspondent from a very high official of the Hungarian Government, and is presumably accurate: —

The King reached Budapest about one o'clock P.M., by motor-car from Steinamanger. He went at once to the house of the Premier, where he expected to find Count Teleki and Joseph Vass, Minister of Education, who had been at Steinamanger with him the night before, and had left before him, in order to bring the report to the Regent, and prepare him for the visit of the King. It happened, however, that the chauffeur of the Premier, not knowing the shortest way, took a longer one, and the King's motor-car, which was of greater speeding capacity, reached Budapest an hour before them, and His Majesty was informed there that the Premier had not arrived as yet. Having no intention of surprising the Regent, Charles sent to him Count Sigray, Governor of West Hungary, who had come from Steinamanger with him, to report his arrival. In a short time Sigray returned with the aide-de-camp of the Regent, who led the way to him. The Regent

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received the King with great emotion, but beyond that there are no details, as every one was immediately dismissed from the room.

The King talked with the Regent for two and a half hours, *nobody being present;* hence all accounts of what was said are guesswork or inventions. Before the conference was finished, the members of the Cabinet had assembled in the ante-chamber of the Regent, but *not one* was admitted to the conference. At the end of this time the King left the palace without seeing anyone, entered his car, and departed for Steinamanger, where he arrived after considerable delay, — as the car had mishap after mishap, — at five o'clock Monday morning.'

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MR. MCKENNA ON REPARATIONS

THE British liberal press is featuring the recent criticisms by Mr. McKenna, former head of the Berlin Treasury Department and now Managing Director of the London City and Midland Bank, of the reparation agreement with Germany, in which he said that the present proposals 'must inevitably result in an enormous development, of industrial power in Germany, which is bound to prejudice the manufacturing interests of the countries which receive this payment.' He would prefer a large reduction in the ultimate total to be paid by Germany, providing the reduced sum were paid in raw materials, such as coal, timber, potash, and sugar, instead of directly or indirectly in manufactured goods. The British comment upon this deliverance seems to converge in the conclusion that, long before the term during which the reparation payments run has ended, 'Germany will have developed an industrial power which must have its political equivalent — industrially and politically. She will be in a position in which neither the Allies jointly, nor any one of them separately, will be able to exact this enormous tribute from her. The attempt to exact it will be an immense stimulus to her recovery in the earlier years . . . and the recovery will be a complete protection for her in the later years.'

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THE London *Morning Post* prints the following rhymed comment upon President Harding's statement: 'I want our America to have nothing to do with any nation that is not willing to sit at a table and show its cards.'

'President Harding's kind regards'
(Vide the latest cable),
'And will all nations put their cards
Face upwards on the table?'

'Ah! President, your breath you waste.
Long time the stricken nations
The only game where cards are faced
Have played — the game of Patience.'

MANY Americans are aware that the Bethlehem Steel Company has recently acquired control of extensive iron mines in Chile. The ores are very rich — sixty-eight to seventy per cent of iron, with a minimum of sulphur or phosphorus. Indeed, they are superior even to Swedish ores. It is also generally known that transportation arrangements have been perfected for the wholesale delivery of these ores at American ports. Germany is now entering the same field, and her industrialists are acquiring rights which will enable them both to import large quantities of Chile's ore for their German furnaces, and to manufacture Bessemer iron extensively in Chile itself. The government of that country is naturally very favorable to the latter project.

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ANGLO–AMERICAN RELATIONS

BY SIR GEOFFREY BUTLER, K. B. E.

[*Sir Geoffrey Butler, Fellow and Prælector in Diplomatic History at Cambridge University, is well known to a large number of Americans as the Director of the British Bureau of Information in this country during the war. The following passages are taken from an address which he delivered at a recent meeting of the London Royal Society of Arts which was presided over by Lord Bryce.*]

From *The Journal of the Royal Society of Arts, June 3*
(LONDON LEARNED SOCIETY WEEKLY)

No one who appreciates what Anglo-American friendship might mean can be happy at the present position of Anglo-American relations. One of the most dispiriting articles upon this subject that I have ever read was from the pen of one who claimed to be an optimist. The gist of it lay in the contention that no subject for difference of opinion between the United States and England at the present day could compare in importance with those that had existed between the countries during the American Civil War. Gracious heavens, how comforting! Read the autobiography known as *The Education of Henry Adams:* his gloomy, bad-tempered, but fascinating, description of that cat-and-dog period, provides a useful commentary on anyone who would take it as the standard from which to measure the relation of those who for two years, and for almost identical reasons, have fought together the greatest war of history. Now the points that may conceivably estrange the two nations are several; but looking away from such matters as the exploitation of the world's oil resources, the regulations governing the Panama Canal, or rivalry in the carrying trade of the World, — important enough matters in themselves, but all of the kind of questions that have in the past proved patient of diplomatic adjustment, — there are two directions along which the action of the United States Administration will be carefully watched in this country by every man or woman who reads a newspaper.

The great American Admiral Mahan, writing of the Monroe Doctrine, speaks of it as bearing witness to, and as having developed in the United States a 'national sensitiveness' as to the entanglement of transatlantic powers in cisatlantic affairs. The phrase is suggestive in any discussion as to the nature of that Doctrine. It is helpful when one is speaking of the British attitude of mind as to any challenge to British naval strength. Rightly, generations of history have fixed firmly in the British consciousness a 'national sensitiveness' as to sea power. For them it is vital to be supreme at sea; for other nations it may be desirable, but it is, in comparison, a luxury. In chance utterances as to naval strength, American pronouncements are, and for some months have been, giving food for much thought over in this land, in fishing hamlet or pit village as much as in the greater centres of population. There is hardly a single section of the community left unaffected by such talk and thought. Add to this the fact that at least one section of the nation sees with little short of horror the virtual withdrawal of the United States from all the re-

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sponsibilities of those world-privileges which she has in fact assumed, and was supposed, wrongly perhaps, to have demanded. That part of President Harding's message which was most cheered by all the men and women present, says the *Times* correspondent at Washington, was the phrase in which he announced that the United States would never enter the League of Nations.

Those who know most of America are least astonished by the refusal of the United States to allow their government to participate in the League of Nations. Nor does anyone challenge their perfect right so to refuse. But in this life political actions are not performed *in vacuo*. You have to pay a certain price for your fun. The crowds who raised the cheers in the galleries of the House of Representatives probably did not think of, or care for, the effect that the *Times* correspondent's account of those cheers would have upon so-called progressive elements in England. It is not reasonable to suppose that they should; but it is a case of that tragic irony, which haunts Anglo-American relations, and a fact that the two governments may have some day to reckon with — that America, in Labor and other 'progressive' circles, is coming to occupy, not of course merely in its attitude toward the League of Nations, a position as a force on the side of reaction.

Now currents of this nature unite, and thereby a morbid condition of public opinion is produced. There are, of course, alternative methods of handling this, as other manifestations of morbidity — a wrong way and a right way. It is possible for national beings to be hypnotized by symptoms they know to exist, and deplore. Deeper and deeper they become involved, and the disease, feeding on itself, proves fatal. It is important that thinking men and women, friendly to the United States, should not allow themselves to fall victims to the mesmeric influence of those symptoms in the two nations that they wish to cure.

I remember that a United States Senator from a Western state, who all through his career had been a good friend of our country, told me that, in his early and middle life, he had wished to see an act passed for providing at public expense, silencers for the Fourth of July orators; but that, now that he was becoming an old man, he was not at all certain that he would not vote for preliminary legislation to provide such silencers for after-dinner Pilgrim speakers.

Now neither the Senator in question, nor anyone else of friendly disposition, is blind to the beneficent activities of the Pilgrim and kindred societies; but it cannot, on the other hand, be questioned that the gatherings and the publications of such societies have provided opportunities for pronouncements that anyone conversant with the real state of opinion in the two countries, must regard as highly injudicious.

During the war there was something very touching in the manifestation of good-will toward America that was shown by such acts as the flying of the Stars and Stripes over the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. But what was nobly done then, because spontaneously under the inspiration of a great crisis, has been adopted, with the best intention in the world, by some people, as a model for British behavior in these days, and in the fond hope that it will have a beneficial effect upon Anglo-American relations. One still, in articles or speeches written by British enthusiasts, meets with the tacit assumption that the United States is, as it were, a Dominion that 'chose the other ways'; hence the talk of 'hands across the sea,' or 'blood being thicker than water.' We are advised to re-write

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our English history of the eighteenth century, and to tell falsehoods with a purpose about George III, or about English public opinion in the time of Burke.

No short cuts like this will take us to the desired goal. It is poor diplomacy to make overtures if they are not going to be accepted; and overtures of this nature indicate, and are taken for, not dignity or strength, but weakness. They may consequently do great mischief before they are openly repudiated by more responsible British opinion.

In other words, in the face of the obstacles to a full and perfect understanding between the two nations, I see no hope either in ignoring the obstacles or in seeking to avoid them by short cuts. I believe that a more normal attitude toward these obstacles is attained by shifting the centre of one's interest to a somewhat different quarter. By treating the United States objectively, by making it the object of disinterested and untendencious study, it may be found possible to set English ideas and institutions, never in such a state of flux as to-day, up against an external standard — a process which, rightly handled, may be made informative.

I prophesy that, for the next hundred years, whatever other changes may come over the higher education of this country, — and I am not likely to undervalue our present system, — the inclusion of a visit to Canada and the United States will increasingly be regarded as a normal part of the intellectual discipline of our educated classes. It may or may not be a novel idea, but I am sure it is a coming idea. Like all educational ideas, it will have its day and others will succeed it: but I find in the attitude of mind which will make its development on a general scale possible, a far more healthy outlook toward the United States than any other at present feasible.

Let me repeat my warning that all the study of America, on whatever scale and however successfully pursued, is not going necessarily to improve the relations between the countries. These are not patient of rapid improvement; there are pessimists who say that they can never really be improved; and others, with more wisdom, who say that the next steps taken to improve them will not be taken from the British side. Be that as it may, it is everything that in the meantime the English people should adopt a positive, not a merely negative, attitude toward the United States. The next fifty years under these conditions might, I believe, see English thought enriched in a great many directions.

And is it not conceivable that the same period may witness also changes in the nature and outlook of the two countries, — changes not now imaginable, — which would rob half the present points of friction of their smart? Who can yet say that anyone living to-day has an accurate measurement of the Pacific problem as it will be presented to the coming generations? It is a comforting thought in this connection that hardly a quarter of a century ago we were on the verge of war with France. The vast and dreary waste in which are to be found the matters which divide the English-speaking peoples has not yet been scientifically surveyed. 'Here be lyons,' was a frequent entry on old-fashioned maps. There are 'lyons,' emblems of contention on the maps which Americans and Englishmen to-day are using. Perhaps they too will disappear at the mandate of exacter science.

It is hardly possible for me, within the limits of to-day's opportunity, to convey to you the individual features which in my judgment make a visit to the United States a source of constant stimulus to the educated Englishman. It is

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obligatory on me then to compress them within the limits of a general idea. That idea I would call 'a study in the influence of enthusiasm upon tradition.' For tradition within its limits is immensely powerful in the United States. The last three quarters of a century have seen a cataclysmic change from the unlovely America described by Dickens, the gloomy Victorian America of the red stone, Dutch houses of New York, the more attractive, but still intensely provincial New England of the Transcendentalists, or the Baltimore and Richmond of high hearts and lovely women. There has been the peopling of the West and the coming of the immigrants. There has been the industrialization of the North, no longer kept from sprawling over that historic, but imaginary, line, across which, with varying fortune, was fought the greatest, and, please God, the last, war between English-speaking combatants. There has grown up the America of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of the Federal Reserve Board.

Yet tradition still holds fast. I do not refer alone to the rigidity of the Constitution, which has sometimes been exaggerated. The spell of tradition is felt in political ideas, — *vide* the tenacity of individualism, which is traceable not merely to the natural proclivities of an expanding country, — in social customs (have you read *Main Street*, the latest novel of the Middle West?), in almost every form of thought and word and deed. That this is so gives providentially a point of contact with English thought: alone, however, it would not provide it with a stimulus. The arresting feature lies in the fact that, while the traditional element is strong in American belief and practice, it is combined with qualities which make the American the most daring of experimenters. It needs no disquisition on the part played by the interaction of authority and initiative in all extension of knowledge, to indicate that, if my diagnosis is right, America is very well worth watching at the moment. Before I go further, however, let me give a concrete example for discussion.

It was, as a matter of fact, in considering the architecture of New York that I began to stumble on my theory. I suppose there is no one upon whom it does not leave an ineffaceable impression. It was amusing to see how every foreigner responded to the classic purity of design, the gleaming white marble showing its razor-edge against the blueness of the sky, the refinement, and sureness of the scale, in detail. The diplomat saw the interior of those two vast terminals, which make St. Peter's, seen beneath the dome, look squat; the graduate saw a street, which in its blazing and exciting beauty made the High look sordid.

I shall never forget walking down town beneath the sky-scrapers with a member of my staff, that ingenious architect, Mr. T. H. Lyon, whose lectures in Cambridge on American architecture have recently provoked no little interest. He showed me the evolution of the sky-scraper: how, its builders being faced with the necessity of building up by the restricted building-space available, the original sky-scraper — one may see an example in the so-called flat-iron building — consisted of a number of *horizontal* stories piled one upon another. The external appearance, however, of such a building could never have been anything but monstrous. Any house must present to the onlooker a front of which the base, the roofing, and the intermediate space will be arranged in some intelligently agreeable proportion. How was one to order this proportion on the front of a sky-scraper of thirty stories?

The problem defied solution. Either the base must have been so big as to

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crush the passer-by and the ordinary furniture of an ordinary modern street; or, if made in proportion with these latter, the whole front of the building would have been jumbled out of scale. Tradition had beaten the American; but no, enthusiasm produced the experimenter, and it was an experiment which justified itself. Some architect, by a stroke not short of genius, abandoned the analogy with house-building, choosing to make his analogy a classic column. Here the component sections, capital, shaft, and base, offered precisely the proportion that was needed. The Biltmore building is a classic column, the lines are *vertical*, not horizontal, the windows giving the effect of fluting. Very exquisite are the capitals of certain of these monster columns; and they exhibit every variation, from what may be termed the simpler Doric style, through the Ionic, to the florescence of the Corinthian.

The comments of my friend appeared to me suggestive, and to have a general application. If this architectural achievement proved an isolated phenomenon, then it might have had no more importance than any clever device of a technician in any craft — than, for example, the invention of a new surgical saw or the perfection of the cow-catcher. The more I pondered the matter, the less content was I to leave it to be classed, like the egg-balancing feat of Christopher Columbus, with the achievements of a lucky cunning. There came to mind the modern short story, the contribution to literature of America's one world-influence in letters, Edgar Allan Poe, and the characteristic development of the short story in America by a succession of writers, down to O. Henry and George Ade. There came to mind also reports of the way in which American scientists saw and developed, before the scientists of other countries, those two branches of science, to which we in England have recently waked up to pay so much attention, known as physical chemistry and bio-chemistry. There was too that great school of law, the Harvard Law School, whose revolutionary work in the last quarter of the nineteenth century might have remained unnoticed in this country, and without effect upon our study of the law, but for the perspicacity of Sir Frederick Pollock; not to mention the strides made by Americans in clinical medicine — so great that a prominent London surgeon used to me, half-joking, but also half in earnest, the phrase that on the clinical side of the profession we 'were in the Middle Ages' as compared with the United States.

I will not extend the catalogue. I contend that the phenomena observed are widely distributed, and that they have a common feature; that each, I mean, is an instance in which, while working from within a tradition, progress of a startling kind has been produced by boldness in pushing forward, a readiness to scrap and start again, which often seems to outpace logic, and to treat scientific proof lightly. In other words, one is watching the action of enthusiasm.

I am not claiming that this quality has given the United States the leading position in letters, law or science. Whether there is any such thing as a 'leading position' in this sense is not too easy a question to answer. Anyone who lives in Cambridge at a time when the scientific schools of that University each term make life a little more exciting and romantic; when the dream of the Middle Ages, the transmutation of metals, has been accomplished not a stone's throw from one's door — anyone, I say, living in these conditions is not likely to put forward preposterous claims on the part of the United States to a lone preëminence; but it is possible

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to claim that it is something not far removed from a unique position which this enthusiasm gives her. For this enthusiasm is specifically American. It is not the same as imagination or intellectual energy, in which our British writers and scientists so much excel. It works in a more practical plane. It is the informing spirit of action, and without action it ceases to exist. Accordingly it produces much waste action, much failure which seems ludicrous, attempts that seem chimerical from the critical standpoint of pure intellect, whose standards are static standards, not dynamic.

Half the personal friction between an American and Englishman, whenever it is found to exist, can be traced ultimately to the reciprocal misunderstanding of this quality and of its absence. However this may be, it is a quality which has a large part yet to play in the history of the globe; and the turn of the arts and sciences and economics, as England in this century is settling down to study or to practise them, is toward an atmosphere not unsympathetic to it.

WALTHER RATHENAU

BY ANTOINE DE TARLÉ

[The following account of the new German Minister of Reconstruction is from the pen of the secretary-general of the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons.]

From *L'Opinion, June* 11
(Paris Liberal Nationalist Literary Weekly)

In calling to his aid in the Cabinet a man of first rank, like Walther Rathenau, and especially in entrusting to him a portfolio as important as that of reconstruction, Chancellor Wirth has broken the precedent that has hitherto prevailed in the German Republic of putting only mediocrities in high office. We all know Dr. Walther Rathenau. One of our journalists has thus described him: 'Lithe, nervous, with expressive eyes that light up his impassive and bony countenance like slumbering fires, with the face of an ascetic, and with the movements of a great cat, he seems consumed with eagerness to explain and convince.' Others have noted the brilliance of his eyes, the warm tint of his countenance, the absence of anything distinctively German in his features.

His mentality and character are complex and original. He is a great captain of industry, and at the same time a philosopher, a sociologist, and a moralist. He combines a passion for pure theory with a genius for action. He is simultaneously an idealist and a realist. He succeeded his father as the head of the General Electric Company. He was secretary and, later, president, of the Chamber of Commerce of Berlin. It was at his suggestion that Germany, early in August, 1914, established its famous Raw-Materials Section in the War Office, to which is largely due the government's ability to hold out for four years and a half, in spite of the

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growing stringency of the blockade. As head of this office he systematized scientifically the exploitation of the wealth of Belgium and of occupied France for the benefit of his own country.

In April, 1915, he resigned his post, where his political and social opinions had made him enemies. The following year found him at Berne, commissioned to allot orders and raw materials to Swiss factories making munitions for Germany. At the same time Rathenau tried to obtain from the Swiss government a concession for electrifying the federal railway system. He also endeavored to defeat the efforts of the Allies to exclude German industry and trade from Switzerland.

When the war was over he devoted himself again to his private affairs. Under his direction the General Electric Company of Germany has continued to grow. Last year it absorbed one of the largest German bulb factories, and recently it has taken over one of the largest locomotive and car works in the country, and important sheet-metal works. Such instances of so-called vertical concentration are the more notable, because Walther Rathenau has always advocated horizontal concentration in industry; that is, uniting only enterprises which deal with raw materials in the same stage of manufacture. But his mind is adaptable, and accommodates itself to the needs of the moment. He exhibits the same quality in politics. Meanwhile the General Electric Company has increased its capital to eight hundred and fifty million marks.

Rathenau's business affairs never prevent him from writing and talking. Some of his works have passed through seventy-five editions. They deal with art, æsthetics, science, religion, and morals. He touches every field, but he is interested mainly in the reorganization of society. His enthusiasm and mysticism are remarkable. He says of himself: 'I am a German of remote Jewish descent. My nation is the German nation, my fatherland the German fatherland. My faith is the German faith, which is above all religion. However, it has pleased Nature, in her mischievous but well-meaning caprice, to mingle the two currents of blood that flow in my veins in such proportions that I have an equal passion for the world of material things as for the world of the spirit.'

No one has criticized more severely than he the defects of our present economic system. Its vice is the abuse of individualism, which he tells us is an outcome of the French Revolution. The encyclopædists taught the emancipation of the individual from autocracy, from the Church, and from the survivals of the Middle Ages; but they were hardly aware that a social problem existed. Rathenau says, in speaking of Rousseau, that *Émile* describes the education of an aristocrat. Rousseau's *Rights of Man* is merely a defense of individualism. We know only too well to-day where this movement has ended; in the rule of the bourgeoisie, in plutocracy, in imperialism, with all their terrible consequences, culminating in the World War of 1914. Rathenau does not believe that Wilhelm II is responsible for the war. The true guilt rests upon the German bourgeoisie, which sold itself to the Kaiser, and before that sold itself to Bismarck. But he holds the middle classes of all Europe, not those of Germany alone, responsible; for the bourgeoisie of Europe was engaged in an economic war long before 1914. This economic warfare preceded and provoked political warfare. The burden of guilt rests upon the 'European conscience.' This is the theme of a pamphlet which he published in 1919, under the title, *Der Kaiser*.

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His explanation of the cause of the war explains his reticence prior to assuming office regarding reparations.

Whatever our opinion of Rathenau's creed, we must recognize that the charges which he brings against the empiricism of our existing industrial methods, and against the anarchy that results from them, are worth considering. He denounces the inexcusable waste of time and materials which is so common today. Men are permitted to erect factories and works wherever they will, without a competent study of local conditions. Their haphazard capriciousness increases unnecessarily the average cost of production, which falls upon the community as a whole. It causes a wasteful use of transportation, a wasteful consumption of coal, and other useless expenses. In our processes of manufacture we turn out a great variety of unnecessary models, which prevent standardized production, the only economical way of making things. In our excessive tolerance of individualism and personal caprice, we permit customers to insist on twenty-five patterns of cotton goods of the same color and texture, or to order a motor-car of eleven and a half horsepower when the standard type is twelve. Such wastefulness should not be permitted. Twenty shirt patterns are unnecessary. Neither would a well-organized society permit individuals to depreciate exchange by importing useless articles of luxury.

Reasoning along the same line, he condemns the improvidence and wastefulness which permits hundreds of thousands of able-bodied and educated men to be employed in cities, selling cigars and similar luxuries, when they might be producing wealth. He considers that the selfishness and frivolity of the general public are responsible for our economic anarchy. 'If we should have an epidemic of phonographs, or if it should become fashionable for every well-to-do woman to bathe in rose-water, we might find our iron and steel furnaces employed entirely in making phonographs, and our grain-fields converted into rose gardens.' Rathenau never hesitates to use an absurdly extreme example to emphasize his point.

To check the evils of excessive individualism, Rathenau suggests organizing groups or alliances in every branch of trade and industry. The government would confer upon each group or alliance complete administrative authority over its special field. In return the government would reserve general rights of control, and levy upon collective earnings the sums necessary for running the state and promoting social welfare. Rathenau rejects the theories of Marx, because he believes that capital is indispensable to industrial progress. But he condemns equally the economics of modern liberalism. Government intervention has now become necessary, because we must produce more than we did before the war, in order to replace the enormous losses that that conflict caused. Only the government has power enough to do this.

Rathenau began to preach these views in 1917, at a time when he expected Germany would win the war, or at least make it a draw. He has consistently advocated the same views since. Two threads of thought run through his doctrine: organization and labor. We are familiar with his ideas regarding reparation. He says it is all nonsense to talk of taxes and budgets and imports and exports; that the only thing that counts is hours of labor. He says that politicians and statesmen and financiers are obsessed by words and papers. They sit in their offices and pore over printed and written papers covered with figures copied from other papers. They become entirely detached from the physical things with which

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these papers deal. They handle tokens of wealth which they have contributed nothing to create. The only real wealth of Germany is the thirty-two billion labor-hours at its disposal annually. If these labor-hours produce eighteen billions of marks, how much can be set apart from this sum for reparation, after providing what is indispensable to support the people?

He concludes that if the Entente tries to collect six billions in gold from Germany every year, the people will have only one fourth as much to consume as before the war, unless they work longer hours and more efficiently.

It is only a step from this position to the conclusion that Germany cannot pay the indemnity imposed upon it. Rathenau contended that Germany could not honestly agree to pay this sum, because no nation can honestly assume an obligation running for an unlimited time.

But his views have changed since he took office, as official views usually change. Having after long hesitation and debate decided to accept the cabinet post offered him by the new Chancellor, he has made a public statement recognizing the great losses suffered by France and the magnificent effort she has made to repair them. Under these conditions he is ready to lend a hand. Now let us see what he will do.

He is already being bitterly attacked by the Pan-Germans, who abuse him on account of his Jewish descent. In fact there are already three Israelites in the new Cabinet, without counting Dr. Rosen, the new Foreign Minister, whose wife is a Jewess. Rathenau is criticized also on account of his so-called Socialist theories. To be sure, he has agreed to let his theories rest for the present, and has repudiated any design to try to revolutionize German business. None the less, he is an object of suspicion in the eyes of the other great captains of industry and the Junkers. Furthermore, his appointment to the cabinet is regarded as a direct thrust at Hugo Stinnes. Rathenau has always opposed Stinnes in social and political matters, although he has got along very well with him in business.

GERMANY'S TASK

BY WALTHER RATHENAU

[We publish below the report of Walther Rathenau's Reichstag speech upon his recent appointment as German Minister of Reconstruction.]

From *Neue Freie Presse, June* 10
(Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily)

The Chancellor has informed you regarding myself and my functions. I cannot describe in detail to-day what my policy will be, or what my field of labor will be. The functions of my office are so broad that I have not yet gathered data which enable me to speak with confidence and authority regarding them. I intend to study the range of my new duties most carefully, before I attempt to lay before this body an account of what has been done by my predecessors and what I believe should be done by myself.

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I persuaded myself with difficulty to accept this office. It is no light thing for a man to disassociate himself abruptly from great business enterprises with which his whole life has been identified. However, that was easier than it was to assume this great task, the boundaries of which no man's eye can scan, because they will be drawn by others and not by ourselves. Neither was it easy for an outsider, already past the prime of life, to take a post so near a high-tension political machine, whose construction and operation he does not understand, beyond knowing vaguely its perils. I was swayed in my final decision by the thought that my duties would not be political. I was not invited to undertake this post as a member of a party. I therefore assume that I have the right to accept it without making political commitments.

Since my duties promise to be primarily those of an organizer, of an economist, of a business man, in a labor of both national and international importance, I feel that I can disregard their political implications and act upon the theory that they will continue to be similar to those with which I have had experience in the past—those of a business executive. I feel no concern because my coming tasks will borrow certain ideas from our wartime-regulation of industry. [*Disorder on the Right.*] I am no advocate of our war-methods or of other compulsory methods of dealing with industry. [*Interruption from the Left: 'He's learned his lesson!'*] I did not devise our so-called 'system of war-regulation' [*'Aha!' from the Right*]; but I did design and organize the raw-materials section of the Royal Prussian Ministry of War. [*Agitation.*] In that position, I performed the task which was given me to do. Those who were in authority at that time convinced me that we could not carry on the war without such an organization. After eight months in that position I resigned, turning over my office to an army officer, who carried on the work successfully along the lines I had laid down. Neither my successor nor myself had anything to do with government bounties, with food-control, or with other departments of what we call 'war-regulation.' So there is no danger that I shall attempt to copy that system. I am determined to keep my office free from all that savors in the least of illicit trading and reparations-profiteering. [*Applause. Calls from the Left, 'Just wait!'*]

I address you, not only as a man without political commitments, but also as a man unprejudiced by his previous business practices. My work as a captain of industry is over; but my scientific labors are not completed. I do not contemplate playing false to my intellectual convictions. I am as convinced to-day as ever that our whole system of economic organization is destined to undergo a great transformation within the lifetime of men now living — not only in Germany, but in every other country. But I shall not start out with the idea of making over the German business world. That would be not only presumptuous, but most untimely. Our economic organism, like our whole national organism, is far too debilitated for heroic remedies. You don't drill your firemen during a fire; you don't change horses crossing a river. I do not refer here to changes of personnel, but to changes of method. I believe radical business reforms must be deferred, if they are to succeed, until the people are solidly back of them. You cannot benefit a nation by imposing ideas upon it which the opinion of the majority is not ready to accept. I claim the right, therefore, to administer my office free from theoretical commitments of any kind, and to take

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such measures as the expediency of the moment may command.

I have been induced to accept this office primarily by the fact that we now have a cabinet which the Chancellor yesterday characterized as a 'cabinet for doing things.' The time has come when we must find a way to reconcile our people with the rest of the world. I know that our Chancellor intends to do this. I would not have joined a ministry which I did not believe intended to pursue this purpose, of coming to an understanding with our neighbors. I say that for both domestic and foreign consumption.

In the second place, I took office because I am convinced that France wants to set about reconstruction. Many people have said to me, 'Look out! This reconstruction talk in France is a sham.' I am convinced that it is honest. It is very difficult for our people, in their present oppression and sorrow, to think impartially. But if we are to do business with France, we must deal with that country on a basis of fact instead of sentiment. The facts are that France must address itself seriously to reconstruction, because it has suffered cruelly from the war. The facts are that three and one third million hectares of its soil have been devastated. The facts are that 300,000 of its buildings have been completely destroyed, and 370,000 others more or less injured. The facts are that it owes 83,000,000,000 gold francs abroad and 223,000,000,000 francs at home; and that its trade-balance shows a deficit of 13,000,000,000 francs. [REPRESENTATIVE HELFFERICH, *German Nationalist: 'Did show!'*]

Quite true! But a country in this condition must desire reconstruction, even with our aid. Figures showing what it has already accomplished prove that it has made most commendable efforts. The French Ministry of Reconstruction has succeeded — and this is a significant achievement — in rebuilding sixty per cent of the local roads and bridges, in bringing under cultivation fifty per cent of the ruined fields, in starting again thirty to forty per cent of the factories and six per cent of the mines.

To be sure, only two per cent of the private dwellings have been rebuilt. Yet candor compels us to acknowledge that this is a very remarkable achievement. So France seriously seeks reconstruction. Our negotiations during the past few days encourage me to believe that it seriously seeks our coöperation in this work.

Now, if France wants to restore its ruined territories, we are obligated to help restore them. This brings me to certain statements which His Excellency, Mr. Edler von Braun [*disorder*] recently addressed to me personally from the floor. His Excellency [*Renewed disorder, shouts from the Left: 'We have no Excellency here'*]—This is the first time that I have addressed you gentlemen. [*Laughter.*] Representative von Braun read a memorandum. I endorse without qualification the gist of this memorandum, that very grave objections existed to accepting the recent ultimatum. The Chancellor and other members of the Ministry are perfectly aware of that. But Mr. von Braun has not explained why I opposed accepting the dictate of the Entente. He did not explain that I have never disputed the Allies' figures, but only the attached conditions.

These conditions I still consider, as I did before, the most misconceived and unfortunate which possibly could have been hit upon; and I am firmly convinced that this truth is beginning to dawn upon the rest of the world. These conditions are as much against the interest of our opponents as of ourselves. If it is not the duty of every individual

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to use his utmost efforts in a negotiation to prevent their miscarriage, I do not know what honorable intentions are. But if we issue a warning, and our warning proves true, does that entitle us to retire into the background and sulk and sabotage? You, gentlemen of the Right, keep your seats in Parliament although the Versailles Treaty has been ratified. [REPRESENTATIVE SCHIELE, *German Nationalist: 'Sure! There's nothing else to do!' — Roars of laughter.*] I prefer to believe that you keep your seats here like the rest of us, because you hope to serve your country, and that we intend to serve our country after the Treaty of Versailles as much as before it, and after the ultimatum as much as before that. A person who sulks in a corner because a measure is adopted which he does not approve, and refuses thereafter to serve his country, holds a creed unintelligible to me. [*Shouts from the Right: 'He need n't join the Cabinet!'*] That is just what he ought to do, if duty calls him; if he happens to be the proper one for the place. If the day comes when you have to assume these responsibilities, you will be open to the same charges which you now bring against us.

My principles and experience as a business man tell me that we must fulfill the obligations we have assumed. The world's trade is founded upon confidence. The symbol of that confidence is a signature. If an agreement bears my signature or that of my country, my personal honor commands me to fulfill that agreement. I consider that the demands made upon us by the Allies can be met if we have the will to meet them. [*Shouts from the Right: 'You said just the opposite before!'*] It is a question of how great a sacrifice we are willing to make for that purpose. [*Shouts from the Right: 'They are absolutely impossible!'*] There is no such thing as the impossible. There is no such thing as inability to fulfill our obligations. The only question is, how great a sacrifice we are willing to make. I never said we could not pay the two billions. What may prove impossible is the conditions of payment, and these conditions may be relaxed. If a man has a hard task before him, he must tell himself: 'I shall do it regardless of everything!'

Beethoven's Fugue begins with the question, 'Must it be?' and concludes, 'It must be, it must be.' A man whose soul does not rise to its duty will never more than half perform that duty. Heavy as our burdens may be, we can recover the confidence of the world only in the degree that we fulfill them. The people of the earth are not one-hundred per cent chauvinists. There are enough fair-minded men. Millions of eyes are fixed on Germany this moment, asking: 'What will Germany do? Will the nation pay its debt or not?' [*Shouts from the Right: 'A nation of slaves!'*] I consider it necessary to fulfill a duty which is a world-duty. Like Amfortas, Knight of the Grail, Europe bears a wound which will not heal till touched by the spear which made it. Until it heals, peace will not return. But when peace comes, it will be the symbol of a new relation among the peoples of the earth. So our duty is far larger than the technical task of reconstruction, than the fulfillment of a business promise; it is something larger and greater. The question is not, how did our obligation arise? but, since it is there, how can we fulfill it? It is a task that need not divide us along party lines or trade lines or class lines. It is a duty that all Germans, irrespective of these divisions, are called upon to perform. We need the help of the laborer, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the artisan. I do not appeal for your coöperation in behalf of myself, but in behalf of my task. That task must be accomplished.

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THE NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES

From *The Times, May* 12
(Northcliffe Press)

In opening a novel by Henry James now, one has a faint, but perceptible, sense of something that has happened since the last reading. It may be the first hint of time, though it does not suggest any leakage of his value. It is rather that circumstances have shifted the play of lights and colors. Something has happened to the look of his subjects, and we need not search far to discover what it is. The burnished surface of civilization, which held those long reflections of his fancy, has been cracked and blurred since he laid down his pen; our enforced surroundings are just those which his art rejected. Crude facts and blind responses sway the world, and grudge the room for an analysis which deals by choice with implications.

This being so, it is much that we should not tax him at once with unreality. What may be safely said is that he is unlike our present. By sheer accident his work has felt the touch of history, and this gives it already something like the suggestion of an old order, the stamp of type, which he found, himself, in Balzac.

To appreciate the position, we must allow, too, for the confronting of the man and the work in his *Letters*. As a light on his art they were less significant than they might have been, for the revelation of his aims and method stood already in the prefaces that he wrote to his novels. Nothing else can be so intimate as those unique confidences. But the picture of a life which, with all its loyalties and generosities, was so challenging in its seclusion, so wrapped in an artist's work that it did not pause to discuss what art was, so intent and imperious in its selection, is at least latent in our minds as we return to the novels.

The lonely labor for perfection, which carried him always further from the mass of readers, may suggest, and evidently has suggested, that he was more occupied with the means than the ends of creation. Can a writer so refine without impoverishing his sources? And may not his endlessly ingenious variations betray that he did not ask the deepest questions? These are problems to be settled only by his work itself; but his own commentary must be used, at least, as honestly as it was given. The true return for what we know of Henry James's life and method is to read his novels with all the fairness and frankness that we may.

One of the first points in his work which strikes us is that there should be so much of it, in spite of his rigorous standard. Another is that, while it persistently increased in subtlety, its vitality grew in the same measure. These things, if we knew no others, would suggest that Henry James was not stinted for creation. Indeed, one feels tempted to describe him in the language Wordsworth uses of the poet, as a man rejoicing more than other men in the spirit of life within him, pleased with the contemplation of passions and volitions, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. Henry James made his own admission on the last point. 'Interest,' he says, 'is a thing which may be, *must* be, exquisitely made and created.' If the artist does not make it, nobody

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and nothing else will. This is an æsthetic which may lead far, yet Henry James's first claim to greatness rests in fact on his having created a new interest, as original in its emphasis of subject as in the fineness of the method he applied. That novelty accounts for the bewilderment about him in which criticism is still involved. While, in the poet's case, we are satisfied with a general irradiation of experience, we cannot help approaching the novelist with a keen sense of probabilities and landmarks. We meet him at the point where the imagined intersects the known; and there it is that Henry James perplexes and fascinates by his mixture of truth with illusions.

In his earlier novels this crossing of the actual and the imagined was comparatively simple. His American scene and his Europe, as seen from a spectator's angle, were not, until he wrote, a familiar world to most of us; but he fathomed them so clearly that we accepted them as true and they have become part of our own vision — so much so, that we hardly know how many real situations of this kind we view now with Henry James's eyes.

This mirrored life was delicately and pervasively actual, but we can now see that its actuality was not the most significant part of it. With all his books before us, we are nearer to the secret of his pattern, the 'figure in the carpet' that stands out or vanishes. It implied a far more perceptive grasp than usual of the relation of people to things, and people to people, at their last expressiveness and tension. Even when he plays with a string of incidents, and an imaginative view of London grows melodramatic in *The Princess Casamassima* or his romantic sense of old France builds up (with some loss of truth, as he acknowledged) the sombre shades of *The American*, the point of the events is that they reveal or develop some hidden state of mind. Behind these tragic notes there is a dialectic of the conscience; it stirs long echoes in *The Portrait of a Lady*. And yet these books hold something back, as if he were balancing between two kinds of story and two interpretations of the life he saw. The inward drama obeys a traditional form, and a deference to accepted standards restrains his spirit of discovery.

It may not be entirely force of habit that makes us think of these earlier stories as the slim little blue volumes that went so cosily into a pocket. Often have we so treated them, sure of a pleasant entertainment; sure also, that, even if the deeper chords are touched, our normal view of life will not be brusquely shaken.

Had he stopped at this point, he would have been master of a strictly limited perfection. His sensitiveness to the marks of type, the established reverences and traditions, was in itself no pledge of freedom. There was something ominously conventional in choosing a willful bohemian like Roderick Hudson for his first portrait of an artist, and watching him through the safe, sound eyes of Rowland Mallet. Rowland might be the best of men, but we do not want the author to be too like him; we want him to have his high adventures as an artist. If he had not had them, he might be remembered as a real talent who had done the business of the talented, taking in what appealed to him and giving back his own response to it, but not disclosing the true stamp of genius — a ruthless, spontaneous creation.

Fortunately he tried all those adventures of the mind which most excited him. At a fairly traceable stage in his work he crossed a line — the line which, frail human beings that we are, we often simply describe as one of greater difficulty. It is not, however, because

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his 'middle and later' books make more demand on thought or are more subtly composed or more remote from palpable occurrences that they are the most significant part of what he wrote; it is because his insight into life gets free play there and they express it. His grasp of the world of mind and motive is now in possession; he creates people who will manifest it, and instead of serving the conventions he proceeds to use them.

He has, in the artistic sense of the word, a convention of his own, but it was the appropriate one, and he made it the very breath of his creation; it lay in making his characters ideally perceptive people. He knew what his demands were, and sometimes it is amusing to see, in the quick thrust and parry of a conversation, how he makes the actors hesitate for a moment, as if in apology for this sensitiveness and in concession to our greater denseness as spectators. For occasionally we may find ourselves in the position of honest Colonel Assingham, watching to see where his irrepressible Fanny will next come down to earth.

It is an ideal world, as born from his own vision, and setting up a standard which we never realize completely. But one may easily exaggerate its distance from the life we know. Is it, after all, so far from our experience as the passionate or romantic novel, where life is a dream and a rush of feeling, and when the feeling dies or is satisfied, there is no more to be said? Is it even much more unreal than a method that dwells only on incident and the physical side of events? Excitements, ambitions, and anguishes are by no means lacking in Henry James's picture. They are seen as we know them in reflection, or guess them in the look and manner of another.

A psychological novelist often finds his interest in the mere play of impulse; or else, if he has the mystical vision of Ibsen in his later dramas, he will suggest buried, wordless depths below. But Henry James is unlike these in his zest for drawing everything into consciousness and speech. There we may read his ideal standard, which will not let the least significance be wasted; but it does not prevent him from being 'true to life,' as we say. A humdrum though wistful fact is at the bottom of *The Ambassadors*, where Strether's sense of lost freedoms and appreciations wakes only when he can taste these things vicariously, at the price of his remaining chances. Few who found the datum of this book as Henry James did, through some chance words spoken in a Paris garden, would not have dropped it for some more startling theme; but in his hands it becomes a focus for the complete presentment of a man and the understanding of all the persons in a story.

While most analysts of the mind produce, as Stendhal does, an atmosphere of detachment, Henry James's characters exist, and only could exist, in a vibrating air of sympathy. A swift intelligence may move them, but the battle is only joined through their keen sense of what one human being may mean to another. It was this, that brought together the group of four whose story, so much stronger in interest than that of a conventional 'triangle,' is recounted in *The Golden Bowl*. Their false position was made by their beautiful intentions and their consideration for each other. Maggie Verver worked too passionately for her father, who, in turn, trusted too much to his daughter and his wife; the Prince and Charlotte staked on their respect for the others and a preterhuman self-control. Henry James brings them duly to their hopeless pass, but they can get out only as they came in. Maggie, borrowing the weapons of her antago-

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nists, achieves deliverance by a silent pressure which is really an intense perception of the feelings of the others.

It is a mistake, then, to think of these characters as sheer puppets of the brain; they see so clearly because they are quick to feel. There they resemble the man who made them. His insatiable sifting of character was saved from being arid because there was a fountain of pity and tenderness below. Sometimes this influence broods over a book in the spirit of one person, as with Milly, the heroine of *The Wings of the Dove*. Sometimes it is marked by his choice of a guileless but deeply menaced character like Maggie Verver, whom he endows with the wisdom of the serpent to escape from her toils. More often it takes the form of an understanding sympathy with failure; his failures, artistically speaking, are the great successes of his books. He does not flinch from the required grimness; he will leave a hero like Strether with nothing but his experience and his honor, or a heroine like Fleda in *The Spoils of Poynton* with no possession but her delicate and wistful self.

Not less clearly, in such a tale as *Broken Wings*, does he waive irony aside to show how a rare flower of emotion may blossom from community in failure for the painter who 'sells' no longer and the woman whose stories have ceased to be read. Endless, indeed, are the signs of this charity, which is specially visible in his attitude to children. The ghostly horrors of *The Turn of the Screw* are only a contrivance for revealing what he called 'the exposure, the helpless plasticity of childhood that is n't dear or sacred to somebody.' Above the other impersonations in this kind rises the figure of Maisie, perhaps the greatest risk in creation that he ever took; for it is easy to imagine what a disaster Maisie would have been with an author whose pity turned to sentiment instead of to the last humorous lucidity.

As the highest moments for his characters come from the thrill of shared perceptions and completed sympathy, so their darkest instants are when this light is suddenly cut off. This is the most ruthless stroke that Henry James can inflict on them, and he seldom wreaks it; but when he does, he makes us feel it to be a punishment of hell. No milder word is adequate to that picture of Charlotte Verver flying in the burning afternoon to a green arbor in the park at Fawns, not for coolness, but to be alone with her despair.

This suggests that there is a limit to Henry James's compassion, and that he knows a rigor which is not far from cruelty. The fine shades of gray give place to blackness, to a present sense of evil. It is emphatic enough to suggest an inherited Puritanism. Doubtless a vein of this ran under the surface of his mind; but his conscious attitude to evil is surely very different. It would be truer to say that, since he presents truth and goodness in the form of beauty (which is why he attracts us), badness strikes him as a treason to life, a creeping spot of ugliness. So far as he can make us feel this too, he must be held to have succeeded. But just because he sees life as a network of gradations, suggesting an infinite tolerance, we are sometimes upset by the way in which he appears to wash his hands of a character. We may accept the development of Kate Croy in *The Wings of the Dove*, but we are not sufficiently prepared for the malignity of Charlotte in *The Golden Bowl*. It is, again, because he kept the first shock of events at a distance, that when something violent does occur in his stories, it seems to enter a medium where it will not dissolve. His art could not digest a murder, and is untrue to its nature when it visibly materializes a ghost.

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No one, however, was more sensitive to place an atmosphere, and his characters never wander in a gray region of the mind. The truth about his settings is that we can hardly find anywhere a more subtle picturing of scene. To read his books is to travel in your chair. In the early stories, perhaps, you travel too consciously — you see things, one after the other, as they would present themselves to an explorer of the notable and picturesque. But the deeper Henry James goes into persons, the more sensitive becomes his treatment of place. It is given by intimation rather than description, by a passing image or impression which conveys irresistibly the gleam or cloudiness of London mornings, the cool floors and pearly sky of Venice, or Paris with its sharp tang of the present and the unfailing dream of its past. These are urban landscapes, but when Henry James allows someone a long day in the country our expectations are equally sure to be fulfilled. His restraint and even indirectness in these matters are a lesson in art, for his places have the sense of being lived in, not described.

In fact he gives us the sociability of nature, and this, after all, is an aspect not to be ignored. He searched the face of things for that human interest which was his own unfailing motive. Sociability is a poor word to express this quality; yet there is a social verve of communication — of conversation, even — in the peculiar gusto of his work. His gusto is inseparably part of him; not even Dickens seems to be enjoying himself more thoroughly, or to convey a a more infectious relish as he writes. This is the mark of a delightful expressiveness, and sometimes a danger-signal; everyone must feel that there are moments when Henry James's capacity runs away with him. Then we no longer get his ideal, imaginative truth, for he has strayed from this central light toward the whimsical. And when this happens, there is always some defect of form; we feel, as in *The Sacred Fount*, that we are being given either too little or too much.

Criticism will sift and discriminate his work, completing what he began; but it must always return, we fancy, to the core of universal truth in him. That should be secure against all change of date or fashion. He will take his place in the historical perspective, as he has begun to do already; but the subjects and setting that he chose will be seen for what they actually were — a means of expressing his own attitude and values. Even in a different day from ours he can scarcely pass for a mere worshiper of traditions or a rococo novelist of manners. This permanent strength belongs to him because, without preaching or philosophizing, he went so deeply into the relations between one human spirit and another. There he unlocked a new kingdom of the heart and mind, and enriched life's possibilities. 'Homo homini deus est,' said a latin moralist, 'si suum officium sciat.' What Henry James did was to present this human virtue, not as a duty, but as the highest of interests and adventures.

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GLIMPSES OF ANGORA

From *Frankfurter Zeitung Wochenblatt, June 1*
(RADICAL LIBERAL WEEKLY)

I HAVE just completed a difficult and adventurous journey with one of the high officials of the Nationalist government, through the Anatolian plateau to the new Turkish capital. It formerly took about twenty hours to cover the three hundred and twenty-five miles from Haidar Pasha to Angora. It required eighteen days for us to make the journey.

Angora has greatly changed since Mustapha Kemal made it his capital last summer. Parliament has decided to rebuild the city in a way worthy of its new dignity, and has commissioned a Hungarian engineer to be the L'Enfant of the new seat of government. That gentleman has taken Budapest for his model. The old town, with its narrow and irregular streets, clings to the declivities of a volcanic hill crowned by an ancient citadel. Between this elevation and a neighboring height, which in turn is crowned by a famous mausoleum, is a deep cañon, through which flows one of the three streams that furnish water to the town. The new engineer proposes to place government buildings on the latter height, and to surround them by a new and modern city quarter.

The Turkish Department of Public Works has taken up the new project vigorously. Plenty of labor is available; and most building materials are abundant. Some three thousand laborers are already at work upon the first part of the project — a road something less than a mile long leading from the railway station to the centre of the town. It is proposed to place the new department buildings along this main highway, as well as several of the finer residences. Up to the present, however, these building sites are mostly occupied by the camps of the various more or less nomadic missions which have come from different Mohammedan countries. The only structure as yet completed is a large private residence, in which Parliament holds its sessions. Two rows of plane trees border this avenue, which has been christened 'Independence Boulevard.' Just before sunset, the chivalry and fashion of Angora promenade along the avenue. Here you meet, not only local dignitaries, but many a familiar face from Stamboul and Pera, and picturesque Moslem delegates from the remotest confines of the Islamic world.

In the city park, near the railway station, the foundations for a national theatre are already being laid. A large hotel and the buildings of the new university are also under construction. Several train-loads of building materials arrive daily from the neighboring quarries.

However, the largest project of all concerns draining the neighboring swamps, and filling and leveling the site for the new city quarter. Pernicious malaria is endemic in Angora, on account of the marshes that surround it; and most people who are able to do so remove every summer to country homes in the neighboring mountains. Mustapha Kemal himself has had several attacks of malignant fever. The Minister of Agriculture is exerting every effort to extend the excellent vineyards that occupy the two valleys north of the city, and to reforest the neighboring heights.

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Wide avenues have been cut through those portions of the old town which were swept by the great fire of 1915. The work of rebuilding this section is being pushed, in order to relieve the housing shortage. Street-railways are under construction. Since last October electric lights have been in operation. All the streets are well illuminated. However, the current is cut off at half-past twelve at night, in order to economize coal. That is the curfew hour, after which no one is allowed abroad.

Angora street-life is most picturesque. One meets here representatives from every tribe and country in Asia. Hardly a street-corner is without its shop, restaurant, or hotel, mostly run by people who have migrated here from Stamboul. The principal library of the latter city has also been transferred to the new capital. Angora already has a theatre, where patriotic dramas are presented, and two movie shows. A military band plays in the city park every evening.

No women are allowed to reside in Angora unless they can produce evidence that they are lawfully employed. A special police force, consisting partly of women, enforces this law and other laws for the protection of public morals and social welfare. Even as it is, the free and easy manners of the recently emancipated Mohammedan women outrage the sentiment of the strict believer.

Women are given many new liberties by the Nationalist government, and many opportunities to become independent, which they knew nothing of in old Turkey. They are taking a very useful part in the economic, sanitary, and educational work of the new government. Several have been invited to give expert testimony before Parliament regarding questions in which they are best informed. Among them is a well-known authoress and champion of women's rights, Halidee Edib Hanem, wife of Dr. Adnan Bey, chief of the Public-Health Service.

This lady frequently gathers together a group of literary people at her husband's country estate, a few miles north of the city, where one is likely to meet really talented company and to hear brilliant conversation. I entirely forgot, at this charming home, that I was in the middle of Anatolia. However, Halidee Edib Hanem exceeded the bounds of what public opinion as yet permits Turkish ladies, when she donned a volunteer's uniform and rode unveiled and fully armed to the railway station, to greet the high officials in our party. She was speedily sent back home, and forbidden to appear in public for at least a week. Remarkable to say, the strong-headed little lady obeyed.

Cabinet officers are called 'Commissars' after the Moscow model. They are all housed in the old government building, which is so small that each of them has only two or three rooms for his whole department. The narrow quarters of the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs are constantly crowded by numerous foreign missions from other Mohammedan countries — Afghanistan, Central Asia, Arabia, India, Tripoli, and elsewhere. The Kemalist flag — a red banner with a green crescent and star, the holy color of Islam — flies over the roof. Soldiers in complete field equipment guard the entrance. Others patrol every floor of the building. Soldiers and officials alike wear the newly adopted black sheepskin cap copied from the Kirgish *kalpak*. The men are well clothed and equipped. They are fed excellently, their rations including meat, rice, vegetables, and jam. Common soldiers are paid five Turkish pounds a month.

When Mustapha Kemal is in Angora, he appears at the government offices every morning, to receive reports. He has selected for his private residence

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one of the prettiest villas in the town. It is on a height not far from the railway station, and though modest, is very comfortable.

While the cost of living in Angora is for the most part much lower than in Constantinople, European goods are excessively dear.

The representatives of the Moscow Soviet government and their numerous retinue occupy a large place in the public eye. They are treated with exceptional respect. Their head men are courteous and polished gentlemen. So far as I was able to learn, they are careful to refrain from Bolshevist propaganda, for which there is, in fact, very little room in Anatolia. None the less, they keep themselves busily employed, and they unquestionably exercise a powerful influence upon both the government and the Parliament.

THE SOCIAL STRUGGLE IN ARGENTINA

BY FELIX BAGEL

From *Berliner Tageblatt, May* 26
(Radical Liberal Daily)

Scarcely a day passes here in Buenos Aires without a bomb outrage. The police are practically helpless. In only one instance have they captured the guilty parties and broken up an extensive bomb-factory. People attribute these crimes to anarchists; but that is only a general term for the dark power against which the government is struggling. All these outrages are part of a Communist campaign of terror, to attain certain social objects. Real anarchists would direct their attacks against public buildings. But all the bombing has occurred in private establishments, where the employees are on strike, where certain labor organizations are under boycott, and where strike-breakers are at work. This indicates plainly enough that the terrorists are fighting for social ends.

No violent political outbreaks have occurred. The only incident resembling one was the so-called 'bloody week' in January, 1919. But the political aspect of those disorders was exaggerated for local party purposes. The Social Democratic Party of Argentina had no connection with 'bloody week,' nor is it implicated in the present bomb outrages. No one imagines that it sympathizes with such acts. Neither is there a true Communist Party here, such as we have in Germany. The so-called 'International' and 'Argentine' Socialists play no important rôle. The Social Democrats are divided, as they are everywhere else, between adherents of the Second International and of the Third International. At the National Socialist Convention, held at Bahia Blanca last January, to decide whether the organization should ally itself with Geneva or with Moscow, the vote stood 5013 to 3656 in favor of Geneva. Of the eight Socialist members of Congress, however, at least two are Bolsheviki. The only Socialist senator also belongs to that party. So we have a well-defined division, which will, sooner or later, produce an open break.

The real power behind the labor move-

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ment is the trade-unions, which have grown remarkably during the past few years. The *Federación Obrera Regional Argentina,* called for short 'Fora' [which resembles in a general way the American Federation of Labor], already has a Communist rival of the same name. Efforts to unite the two have failed. The Social Democratic Party has been unsuccessful in its efforts to control the policy of this federation. It has likewise failed in its endeavor to influence the programme of the second great labor association, the *Federación Obrera Maritima,* or maritime workers' federation, which is abbreviated into 'Fom.' The last society has become the dominant force in the social struggle. Its leaders have been able to paralyze river and coastwise traffic for thirteen consecutive months, and to interrupt harbor service wholly or partially whenever they desire. Since leadership in the class-struggle has now fallen almost entirely into the hands of these three federations, their divisions and policies are likely to determine the divisions and policies of future labor delegations in Parliament. Each of these three federations is controlled by its executive officers, who pay little regard to the wishes of the rank and file of the members. These officers order strikes and boycotts at will, and not always from purely disinterested motives. They can decree a boycott against a business house or factory without calling a strike. The employees continue to work and to pay their contributions to the union treasury. But Fom officials paralyze the firm's business by forbidding members of the union to load or unload any goods which the firm ships or receives by water. Most business houses here are largely dependent upon ocean or river carriage. The bomb outrages are generally attributed to the Communist Fora, because of the latter's professed Bolshevist sympathies.

These federations could never have acquired their present power if the government had not been incredibly apathetic. This also explains why the radicals and extremists have displaced the Socialists at the helm of the labor movement. The administration can plead the inexcusable dilatoriness of Congress in dealing with proposed laws regarding strikes, arbitration, the protection of independent laborers, and the abuse of the boycott. In 1919 the government was authorized to take charge of the harbor and lighter service in case commerce were threatened with paralysis by a new strike. It has used this power on several occasions, with fair success, when oversea commerce was at stake. However, it refused to interfere with the boycotts against the Mihanovich Company, which has a monopoly of river-transportation, and against several coastal shipping companies, although these boycotts have been in force thirteen months. The result has been to raise prices decidedly throughout the interior, and to hamper the export of domestic produce.

When an agreement was finally concluded between these companies and the Fom, the latter claimed a number of rights which really usurp the powers of the government. For instance, it insisted that all bills-of-lading be submitted to its representatives, in order that they may know whether consignments from or to boycotted firms are being carried. All that is needed to start a boycott is for some member of the Fom, which includes practically all maritime and wharf-workers, from ship captains down to stevedores, to be discharged, or for a company to employ less than the number of workers prescribed by the Fom.

Another demand of this organization recently caused a sensational episode. It insisted that only members of the union should be employed on any ves-

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sel. During the thirteen months' strike, however, a great number of Argentine steamers had gone under the Uruguay or the Paraguay flag, and had been partially manned by sailors from the navies of those governments. The fact that there was any shipping service whatever had been due to the employment of men who were not members of the organization — though they could hardly be classed as strike-breakers under the conditions existing. Now that the strike is over, the union insists that these people be dismissed. The crew of the river steamer Humanitá, flying the Paraguay flag, refused to consent to this, and sailed from Asunción with its own captain, and proceeded up the river, endeavoring to reach Brazilian territory. When prevented from doing this, the crew sank the steamer. The company naturally presented a claim against the government of Paraguay for its loss, and the latter insists that the government of Argentina shall assume responsibility for the operations of the Fom, which has extended its activities into neighboring countries.

So the arbitrary actions of the labor leaders and the tolerance of the Argentine government are likely to involve the country at any moment in international complications. Another incident illustrates this. A dispute arose between the crew and the owners of the United States steamer Martha Washington, which is lying in this harbor. The Fom, although in no wise concerned in the matter, interfered on the side of the crew and boycotted the steamer. When the efforts of the United States consul to secure action from the authorities failed, the American ambassador protested to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. We now hear from Washington that the incident is embarrassing Harding's administration, because it knows that it is against the fixed policy of the Argentine government to oppose the Fom. Meanwhile, the Martha Washington stays here under boycott. Its owners have diverted their other vessels for the time being to Montevideo; and the Argentine government is puzzling over the crisis. Such conditions must have an end. The Washington government is right.

The administration here would be acting contrary to its fixed policy were it to intervene against the all-powerful Fom. Probably this attitude is not determined solely by campaign motives. I believe the authorities are moved by fear or undue prudence, lest they invite the hostility of these federations on top of the bitter opposition the administration is already meeting from the Conservatives and the Socialists in Congress. That is the only explanation for the remarkable apathy which they have shown toward the insurrectionary movements in the interior.

We have previously described the proletarian agitation which is sweeping through the country districts.[1] Violent disorders have occurred among the rural laborers; and some of their strikes have been for outright revolutionary objects. Agitators were not responsible for all this violence. Employers have often exploited their workers, until the latter were compelled to use methods of self-protection which led naturally to violence.

Conditions bordering upon slavery prevailed among the timbermen in Misiones Territory, and a widespread insurrection was prevented only by a large corps of armed guards and bloodhounds, the silent witnesses of whose work were numerous corpses floating down the Parana. In this case the government had a splendid opportunity to adopt a humanitarian programme.

Farther south, at Chaco in the province of Santa Fé, and even in less re-

[1] Compare *The Living Age* for April 10 and October 2, 1920.

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mote districts, conditions are not quite so bad at the *quebracho* camps; but on the other hand the unions are stronger. There the strikers have formed armed bands, and soldiers have been used to suppress them. These disorders attained their widest extent in the territory of Santa Cruz, in the extreme southern part of Argentina. Armed strikers gathered in troops of several hundred men, and scourged the whole country with fire and sword. The government did not intervene until the English and German ambassadors protested on account of outrages inflicted upon their citizens settled in this vicinity.

However, there is not the slightest prospect of a revolution in Argentina. The government feels insecure, and it is easy to understand that its attention is largely occupied with economic and local political problems, which are even more critical than these social problems. It should be a source of universal regret that President Irigoyen's administration has not been as successful at home as abroad. Argentina's unfavorable balance of trade with the United States, due to its excessive importations from that country, has given North American financiers a control here which the nation can escape only by a series of good wheat harvests, which will enable it to restore its trade balance from its collections in other markets. We have greatly overestimated Argentina's consuming power, with the result that every branch of trade is overstocked, and even the most legitimate fields of commerce have become highly speculative. The failure to find a profitable foreign market for its wheat this year, which has caused a general unfavorable trade balance, and not only has raised the dollar to a premium of thirty-three per cent, but has raised also the English pound, the Dutch guilder, and the Swiss franc above par, is due mainly to the incapacity of the government, which failed to take timely and effective measures to forestall this situation.

THE RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF H. G. WELLS. III

BY A. E. BAKER

From *The Church Quarterly Review, April*
(London Theological Journal)

What is to be made of Mr. Wells's denials? He denies that God is omnipotent, and he denies, with vulgar and savage sarcasm, the doctrine of the Trinity. His new religion would not be sufficiently distinct from orthodoxy to have disturbed any dovecotes were it not for the fact that these denials are not even incidental to it, but are central; for it is in the assertion that God is not omnipotent, not yet, that Mr. Wells finds the possibility of escape from the nightmare problem of evil, and of a real religious faith in spite of the chaos and cruelty of life.

There is an unforgettable scene in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, in which a woman who has lost her husband in the war, and Mr. Britling who has lost his son, talk of their faith in the light of their loss. She talked to Mr. Britling, as many women, surely, have talked in

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the same terrible circumstances, of how cruel the world is, all set about with knives, and accidents and disease. . . .

> If such people as Teddy are killed, so fine, so vital, then the world must be hell. Getting born is getting damned. Cruelty is the law. There is no God, or he is like an idiot pulling wings off a fly . . . if he lets these things happen. And he must let them happen.

Mr. Britling agrees that all that she says is true, her anger is justified, if God is omnipotent. But the omnipotent God is a figment of the theologians. The real God of the Christians is a mocked and wounded God nailed on a cross of matter. Some day He will triumph, rising in a nail-pierced body out of death. But He cannot be held responsible, *not yet*. The omnipotent God is a *quack* God, a panacea. Common sense and true religion know that He does not exist:

> God is not absolute, God is finite. . . . A finite God, who struggles in his great and comprehensive way as we struggle in our weak and silly way, who is *with* us; that is the essence of all real religion. . . . Necessity is the uttermost thing, but God is the innermost thing. 'Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.' He is the *other thing* than this world, greater than nature or Necessity, for he is a Spirit and they are blind, but not controlling them, not yet.

And then he goes on to say that the God of love and righteousness is proved by the sacrifice of all those dear boys who by the hundred thousand have laid down their lives ('our sons have shewn us God'), and their own kindness and love for each other.

It is not easy, indeed, to criticize this conception of God, stated with such earnestness and eloquence. But in Mr. Wells's presentation, the problem is not really solved, it is only stated. There *is* evil in the world; cruelty and hate and disease and waste and filthiness. But even when he is thinking of these things, Mr. Wells speaks of 'the limitless kindness and tenderness of God,' and, in *God, the Invisible King*, he says: 'He is, by our poor scales of measurement, *boundless* love, *boundless* courage, *boundless* generosity.' These words need not be pressed to their literal meaning; Mr. Wells is writing for a non-philosophical public. But, allowing for that, in a world of moral beings, among persons, not among things, if the aim of the kingdom of God is not a clock-work heaven, but freedom, what further meaning can you give to 'omnipotent'? The only moral omnipotence is love, which expresses itself in necessity. For if love is the ground of freedom, law is its condition. Mr. Wells is fighting a bogey of the unphilosophical mind.

He is merely perplexing when he says that the God of love and friendliness, kin to man and kind, closer than breathing, fights against necessity, is other than nature. No religion could be built on such an unrelieved dualism. The problem for any religion worthy of the name is to show how love and necessity, nature and spirit, are reconciled. If the spirit of man is not to be overwhelmed by chance and fate, he must have more than an ideal, he must have some sure hope that the ideal can be realized, and that what is can be transformed into what ought to be. This reconciliation has been accomplished, or, at least, the way made clear to its accomplishment, in Christianity. The symbol of this is precisely the Nicene doctrine of the Trinity which Mr. Wells, particularly in *God, the Invisible King* and *The Soul of the Bishop*, has made the target for so much smart sarcasm.

The doctrine of the Trinity is the crown of all Christian theology, and has been the inspiration of the deepest Western thinking. It was designed to meet a deep human need, practical and

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religious as well as intellectual. This need can be stated quite simply. Everyone who has had the privilege of worshiping in one of the many beautiful Gothic churches of our land must have felt something of their appeal. However weak or cold or conventional a man's own faith may be, he knows that these were built in the ages of faith, and built by men who thought that worship is worth while, and that the Eternal is real. However little he may pray himself (perhaps prayer has ceased to be even a habit) prayer is a little easier here; here the veil between seen and unseen has worn thin; the Holy Sacrifice has been offered here for centuries; the hearts and lives of humble men and women have been consecrated by the Real Presence of their Lord. Here a man is touched by the Highest. He believes in God, in goodness, in love. He forgets to be cynical. The door is left open into the experience of the writers of the Twenty-Third Psalm, and of 'Lead, Kindly Light.' The divine presence in man's upward struggle becomes a luminous reality to him. He feels the urge and drive of the Self which is not himself, which links him on to other selves, to the ideal and the absolute, the Self which is the God within. He begins to believe.

But what happens when he goes outside? The inspiration of common worship, of the great church, passes. He is in a different world, a world of competition, and cruelty, and war, where the strong succeed, and the weak suffer. The work-a-day world seems so careless of all the things that seemed so important in the cathedral. The sun shines on the evil and on the good; the rain falls on just and unjust alike. Men say that there is law in nature, law in human society, law in industry, inexorable, indifferent. But who shall say if there be indeed a Lawgiver, a Ruler, a Creator, behind nature and society? The Stoics postulated a Logos; Herbert Spencer conceded 'The Unknowable'; Mr. Britling speaks of Necessity and Nature; Mr. Wells writes of a 'Veiled Being.' But what least sign is there that this 'Ultimate Mystery' is the same as the God who reveals Himself as Love and Beauty in the moment of religious communion? What reconciles Law and Love, Spirit and Necessity, the freedom of man's soul and the rigid system of nature, the worship of the Sunday and the dull indifferent task of every day? What principle, what person, can hold together, and make one, heaven and earth, faith and life, the God who created the world, and the Spirit who speaks in love and holiness and worship? The world has had only one answer to that question. Mr. Wells leaves it unanswered; his religion is, at last, a dualism.

The answer is contained in the Mystery of the Holy Trinity, stated by St. Paul, defined at Nicæa, sung in triumph in the Athanasian Creed. Jesus of Nazareth showed men, by the victory of his own life, that the Divine Spirit within is the Ruler without, that the God whom Mr. Wells calls our Friend and Companion is one with the 'Veiled Being' who is on the further side of Fate. In fearless trust in the Divine Spirit within Him, He proved that every external happening could be brought into obedience to that Inner Voice, that every event could be accepted as a revelation of his Love, and every duty fulfilled as an expression of his will. The outer world and the inner are not in conflict — in Christ. He reconciled them. He saw that God sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust, not because nature is indifferent to morality, but because He pursued his wandering children with his kindness. Jesus saw nature filled with Spirit, the world a sacrament of God, so that not even a sparrow falls without Him. Law is an

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outward and visible sign of Love. It is only in the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that the Love of God and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit are seen to be one. There atonement is made between nature and Spirit, between Love and necessity. He made necessity mean love.

Mr. Wells is beginning to see that a religion which makes no attempt at such a reconciliation can never satisfy or inspire right through to the end.

> The creeds declare in a beautiful symbol [he says in *The Undying Fire*] that the God who is present in our hearts is one with the universal Father, and at the same time his beloved Son, continually and eternally begotten from the universal fatherhood, and crucified only to conquer. He has come into our lives to raise them up at last to himself. But to believe that is to believe in the significance and continuity of the whole effort of mankind.

The human spirit is not strong enough to face the complexities and overwhelming immensities of life with only a faith in a God who struggles. We need a God who struggles and *wins;* a God who dies, and is alive for evermore; a God who is God in my own life, and *therefore* God in heaven.

> I have gone past where ye must go;
> I have seen past the agony,
> I behold God in heaven, *and strive.*

There is no part of Mr. Wells's religious ideas which, to the Christian, is less satisfactory than his conception of Jesus Christ — though here, again, there are signs that closer study is leading him to modify his view.

> This great and very definite personality in the hearts and imagination of mankind [he says] does not, and never has, attracted me. . . . I cannot love him any more than I can love a man upon the rack. . . . The Christian Christ, in none of his three characteristic phases, neither as the magic babe (from whom I am cut off by the wanton and indecent purity of the Immaculate Conception), nor as the white-robed, spotless miracle-worker, nor in the fierce unreal torment of the Cross, comes close to my soul. I do not understand the Agony in the Garden; to me it is like a scene from a play in an unknown tongue. The last cry of despair is the one human touch, discordant with all the rest of the story. One cry of despair does not suffice. The Christian Christ is too fine for me, not incarnate enough, not flesh enough, not earth enough. He was never foolish, and hot-eared, and inarticulate, never vain, he never forgot things, never tangled his miracles. I would love him, I think, more easily if the dead had not risen and if he had lain in peace in his sepulchre instead of coming back more enhaloed and whiter than ever, as a postscript to his own tragedy.

What stands in Mr. Wells's way is just that he allows some theory or interpretation of a fact to hide the fact itself. (A man who speaks of the 'unreal' torment of the Cross has surely, if only for a moment, lost all contact with reality.) He will not look at the Magic Babe because he dislikes the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; though it does not require much penetration to see that, if the Christ, Babe and Man, had not been so potent to bless and redeem, there would never have been any theology of his conception. He does not understand the Agony in the Garden because he sees it through the medium of his theory of Christ as an incomprehensible being, neither God nor man. But He was a young man in the early thirties, in love with life, in love with little children, with men and women. He had incredibly great ambitions for the service He was to render mankind. At an age when most men are at the beginning of their life work, He was called to choose death. There is an intensity in his agony which our human measures cannot plumb; but it is an obvious exaggeration to say that we can understand it no more than a scene from a play in an unknown tongue.

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To some of Mr. Wells's statements about Christ the reply is, 'It is n't so.' He was never hot-eared, says Mr. Wells. But when they brought Him a woman taken in adultery (in the very act, as they explain with shameless, unseeing malice), He dared not look them in the face, but in an agony of shame He stooped and wrote in the dust. He was never inarticulate, says Mr. Wells. But it is a possible reading of what took place on the night before He died, that He realized how little his followers had grasped what He meant, and in one last attempt to *make* them see, *because words could not express it,* He took Bread and brake it, and poured out the Wine; He girded Himself, and washed their feet. This is the God He reveals. This is the Life we are to share. 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' However much more those sacred acts mean, do they not at least mean that? And will Mr. Wells look at them and say, 'He was never inarticulate'?

He was never vain, says Mr. Wells. He first made humility a virtue in Western civilization. But his humility was of no tame, conventional kind. Because He was humble before God, He was fearless before men; He forgave his judges, instead of asking their forgiveness; He assumed a relation to the final destiny of humanity, and to the ultimate purpose of God, which makes the vanity of a Nietzsche seem not quite confident of itself. He was too proud to be vain.

Mr. Wells says He never tangled His miracles. But one record says, 'And He *could* there do no mighty work (save that He laid his hands on a few sick folk, and healed them). And He marveled because of their unbelief.' And when Mr. Wells sums up his difficulties by saying, 'He had no petty weaknesses. The essential trouble of my life is its petty weaknesses,' one is constrained to point out that it is written large across the Gospels, so that the most careless may read it, that He who kept his white self unstained amid all the mud and sin of earth did nevertheless convince sinners and outcasts, the disreputable failures, that He understood them, that He was, without condescension, their very brother, and could meet their need.

These were the views which Mr. Wells held about Christ in 1907. In *God, the Invisible King* (1917), he shows more interest in the Jesus of history.

> The figure of Christ crucified, so soon as we think of it as being no more than the tragic memorial of Jesus . . . becomes something altogether distinct from a theological symbol. Immediately that we cease to worship, we can begin to love and pity.

But he cannot worship Him.

> It is not by suffering that God conquers death, but by fighting . . . the symbol of the crucifixion, the drooping, pain-drenched figure of Christ, the sorrowful cry to his Father . . . these things jar with our spirit. We little men may well fail and repent, but it is our faith that God does not fail us nor himself. We cannot accept the Christian's crucifix, or pray to a pitiful God . . . our crucifix, if you must have a crucifix, would show God with a hand or a foot already torn away from its nail, and with eyes not downcast, but resolute against the sky; a face without pain, pain lost and forgotten in the surprising glory of the struggle and the inflexible will to live and prevail. . . . A Christianity which showed for its daily symbol Christ risen and trampling gloriously upon a broken cross would be far more in the spirit of our worship.

Which is a complete reply to the Mr. Wells of ten years ago, who would have loved Him more easily if the dead had not risen, and if He had lain in peace in his sepulchre instead of coming back enhaloed and whiter than ever, a postscript to his own tragedy.

Mr. Wells, who prides himself on being up to date, has been tilting at a conception of Christ which belongs to

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the liberal German Protestantism of the early nineties of last century, a conception which received its death-blow from Johannes Weiss and Albrecht Schweitzer. We do not to-day think of Jesus as 'a saint of non-resistance'; whatever He was, He was not that. His violent words against resisting evil must be placed side by side with the teaching that we must, if need be, sell our coats to buy swords. . . .

The spirit in which He met his death was not that of resignation, but that of the monk who, by his own fearless courting of death, stopped the gladiatorial shows of Rome. Christ fought the evil in the world by the only weapons that He believed could conquer it. And after His death, when two of His followers were on trial, the members of the Sanhedrin who observed them (and, presumably, had had at least public relations with Christ), when they beheld, not their gentleness or their 'sweet reasonableness,' but when they beheld the *boldness* of Peter and John, they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. That is the mark by which his contemporaries recognized his influence on his followers.

Modern New Testament criticism gives us a portrait of Christ 'active and life-transmitting, one which his followers will not need, or rather will not presume, to "defend"'; and a crucifix which had much popularity in mediæval devotion represented our Lord, not naked and drooping and 'defeated,' but crowned as a king, and vested in an albe to remind us that his death was no defeat, but that as a priest He offered Himself a voluntary sacrifice. If anyone thinks that such a self-chosen Passion as his is weak or effeminate, he only reveals the poverty of his own imagination.

The *Outline of History* shows that, now Mr. Wells has faced Christ for himself, and allowed the story of his life and teaching to make its own impression on him, he must bow before Him, as all honest and open-minded men are compelled to do. He recognizes the profoundly new and creative element in the teaching of the Universal Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. Mr. Wells emphasizes, in his own clear and vivid phraseology, the revolutionary character of this new teaching, especially when it is applied, with Christ's pitiless, undiscriminating impartiality, to all things and all men:

> There were no chosen people and no favorites in the Kingdom of Heaven. God was the loving father of all life, as incapable of showing favor as the universal sun. And all men were brothers — sinners and beloved sons alike — of this divine father. . . . From all, moreover, as the parable of the buried talent witnesses, and as the incident of the widow's mite enforces, he demands the utmost. There are no privileges, no rebates, and no excuses in the Kingdom of Heaven.

And this universal claim on all men for all that they have, Mr. Wells points out, Jesus emphasized again and again, in all kinds of ways. And Mr. Wells will have none of the 'spiritualizing' of all practical meaning out of Christ's teaching by saying that his kingdom is a kingdom in men's hearts, or that it is for the world to come. It means changed hearts *and therefore* changed lives.

> Whatever else the deafness and blindness of his hearers may have missed in his utterances, it is plain that they did not miss his resolve to revolutionize the world. . . . The directness of his political attack is manifest by such an incident as that of the coin. . . . Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to the God the things that are God's . . . in view of all else that he taught left very little of a man or his possessions for Cæsar. . . .
>
> He was dragging out all the little private reservations they had made from social

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service into the light of a universal religious life. . . . In the white blaze of this kingdom of his there was to be no property, no privilege, no pride and precedence; no motive indeed and no reward but love. Is it any wonder that men were dazzled and blinded and cried out against him?

In the work that he is doing for the unity of mankind, Mr. Wells is giving himself to express the spirit of Christ.

Men in our time have been seeking the 'Super-Man.' It must be some blindness on the part of Christians when they look at their Master, or some stammering of their tongues when they speak of Him, that has hindered this generation from seeing that He is indeed the 'Beyond-Man,' to whom man's virtue and knowledge are but a bridge and a prophecy—He who was killed at thirty-two, but whose life overthrew a civilization, and Himself has become the axis round which all future history must revolve. He is the greatest possession of the race.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Wells's contribution to the religious thought of our time is not yet finished. He is a seeker, 'dissatisfied always with the thing seen and the thing believed,' revealing, in so far as he is typical, a spirit of almost prophetic sincerity in the attitude of our age to the deepest things. If his hopes, and guesses, and intuitions are at all typical of the modern spirit (and there is no man who so reflects the age, both in what he sees, and in what he misses seeing), then the modern spirit has set out on a pilgrimage in which a few steps further will bring it face to face with Christ. His faith is in many ways like that of the Gospels. And his denials are often rooted in human sympathies and divine indignations which are nearer to the mind of Christ than the unseeing complacency which finds belief easy. There is profound need for the Church to set itself to make real and full and intimate both its experience of Catholic Christianity, and also its understanding of the thoughts and aspirations of the present age, so that it may explain, in the idiom of to-day, the religious meaning and spiritual value of its ancient symbols, its institutions and ceremonies and prayers and sacraments, so that the seeking hearts of the children of this distracted generation may turn again home.

LAUGHTER

BY LEONID ANDREYEV

From *The English Review, June*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

AT half-past seven I was certain that she would come, and I was desperately happy. My coat was fastened only by the top button. The wind blew it open, but I did not feel the cold. My head was thrown back proudly, and my college cap was perched on the back of it. My eyes looked on men with an air of patronage and audacity; on women they looked with challenge and kindness. Although already for four days I had loved her alone, I was so young and my heart was so rich that I could not remain indifferent to other women. My steps were quick, bold, and free.

At quarter to seven, my coat was

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done up on two buttons; I looked only at the women, and without challenge or kindness, but rather with disgust. It was only one woman that I wanted; the rest might go to hell. Those others were in the way, and their seeming likeness to her made my movements uncertain and constantly changing.

At five minutes to seven I was hot.

At two minutes to seven I was cold.

At seven I knew she would not come.

At half-past eight I was the most wretched creature in the world. My coat-buttons were all done up; the collar was turned up, and my cap was pulled over my nose, which was blue with cold. The hair on my temples, my moustache, and my eyelashes were all hoary with frost. My teeth were slightly rattling against each other. By my uncertain gait and my stooping shoulders I might have been taken for a fairly vigorous old man returning from his friends back to the workhouse.

And *she* was the cause of all this misery. She! Oh, the Dev——! No, I won't. Perhaps she could not get away. Perhaps she is ill or dead. Dead!—and I am cursing!

'And Eugenia Nicolaevna will be there to-night,' a student friend informed me, not trying to insinuate: he could not have known that in the frost I had waited for Eugenia Nicolaevna from seven till half-past eight.

'Indeed!' I replied profoundly, and something snapped within me. 'Oh, the Dev —— !'

'There' meant at the Polosovs' evening party. I had never been in their house before, but I would go there to-night.

'Gentlemen!' I cried out cheerfully, 'to-day is Christmas Day; to-day every one is making merry. Let's be merry, too.'

'But how?' one of them called out mournfully.

'And where?' another supported him.

'Let's dress up, and go to all the parties,' I decided.

And these insensate individuals actually became happy. They shouted, leaped, and sang. They were thanking me and counting their available money. And in half an hour's time, we were bringing together all the lonely melancholy students in town. When we had gathered together, ten leaping devils, we repaired to a hairdresser (also a provider of fancy dress), and his shop was soon filled with cold air, youth, and laughter.

I needed something sombre, beautiful, with a suggestion of elegant sadness, and I asked for a dress of a Spanish nobleman. He must have been a long nobleman, for his dress concealed me completely, and I felt somehow very lonely as in a huge empty hall. I got out of it, and asked for something else.

'Would you like to be a clown — a motley with little bells?'

'A clown, indeed!' I exclaimed, with utter contempt.

'Well then, a bandit? Such a hat and dagger!'

'A dagger! It suits my intentions.'

Sad to say, the bandit whose clothing they gave me had hardly reached his maturity. Most probably he was a young rascal of about the age of eight! His funny hat would hardly cover my head, and from his velvet trousers I was dragged out as from a trap.

The next thing, a page, was no good. He was all spotted like a leopard.

The monk was all in holes.

'Well, hurry up, it's late!'

My companions were all dressed and growing impatient. There was only one dress left, a distinguished Chinaman's.

'Let's have the Chinaman's,' said I in despair.

It was the devil knows what! I will not say anything about the dress itself. I pass over in silence the idiotic colored

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boots, which were too short for me. They came only half way up my legs, and a part of the boot, by far the most essential, stuck out in a kind of appendix on either side of my leg. Nor will I say anything about a pink rag, which covered my head in the shape of a wig, and was tied on by bits of cotton to my ears, so that they protruded in consequence like the ears of a bat. But the mask!

It was, if one may say so, an abstract physiognomy.

It had a nose, eyes, mouth, all correct, and in their right places, but there was nothing human in it. A human being, even in its coffin, could not be so still. It expressed neither sadness, nor cheerfulness, nor astonishment. It expressed nothing. It gazed straight at you, and an uncontrollable laughter would take possession of you.

My companions laughed till they cried, and, exhausted, sank down on the chairs waving their hands.

'Yours will be the most original mask,' they said.

I almost cried, but when I glanced at myself in the glass, I, too, laughed. Yes, it will be the most original mask!

'Promise not to take off our masks whatever happens.'

'Let's swear. Swear! *Swear!*'

It was indeed the most original mask. Huge crowds followed me. They turned me round, they pushed me, they pinched me. When, thoroughly worn out, enraged, I flew at my pursuers, they laughed. All the way I was surrounded and oppressed by these peals of laughter. They moved on with me, and I could not escape this ring of mad merriment. At times, this madness would get hold of me too, and I would shout, sing, and dance, till all the world whirled round before my eyes as if I were drunk. But how remote this world was from me! How lonely I felt under that mask!

At last I was left alone. With anger and fear, with malice and tenderness, I looked at her and said, —

''T is I.'

Her long eyelashes rose slowly in astonishment, a sheaf of black rays flashed upon me . . . and a laugh, joyous, ringing, bright as a spring sunshine — a laugh was her reply!

''T is I, 't is I!' I insisted, smiling at her. 'Why did n't you come this evening?'

But she laughed. She laughed merrily.

I was so exhausted and so wretched. I begged her to answer me. But she laughed. The dark brilliance of her eye was gone, but her smile grew brighter. Her smile was like a sun, but a sun merciless, cruel.

'What's the matter?'

'Is it really you?' she asked, trying not to laugh. 'How . . . how ridiculous you look?'

My shoulders sank, my head drooped; despair was in my pose. And while with the expiring afterglow of the smile on her face she looked at the young, happy couples hurrying by, I said,—

'Be ashamed of yourself. Can you not feel the living, suffering face behind the ridiculous mask? It's only to see you that I put it on. You gave me hope, and now you are taking it away so quickly, so cruelly. Why did you not come?'

She turned to me quickly with a protest on her smiling, tender lips, but the cruel laugh utterly overwhelmed her. Short of breath, almost weeping, covering her face with a scented lace handkerchief, she uttered with difficulty: —

'Look — look at yourself! In the glass behind — How ridiculous!'

Frowning, my teeth clenched from pain, with a face grown cold, from which the blood had fled, I looked at the glass — an idiotically calm, stolidly complacent, inhumanly immovable face

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stared at me. And I — I burst out laughing. Still laughing, though my voice trembled with anger, mad with despair, I almost screamed,

'You must not laugh!'

And when she was quiet again, I went on telling her of my love. And never had I spoken better, because I have never loved so well. I spoke of the anguish of expectation, of the venomous tears of mad jealousy, of the longing. I spoke of my soul, which was all love. I saw how her drooping eyelashes cast a dark shadow on her cheeks. I saw through their dull pallor a reflection of the fire that began to glow within, and her whole pliant body involuntarily bent toward me. She was a goddess of night, all mysterious, clad in black lace as in mist through which bright stars twinkled. She was beautiful as a forgotten dream of far-off childhood. I spoke, and my eyes were dim with tears, and my heart beat with happiness.

I saw at last that a smile, kind and pitiful, parted her lips, and her eyelashes quivered and rose.

Slowly, with fear and infinite confidence, she turned her head toward me, and — Such a laugh I never heard before!

'No, no, I can't,' she almost groaned; and, throwing her head backward, she burst into resonant cascades of laughter.

Oh, if only for a moment I could have had a human face! I was biting my lips, tears ran down my cheeks, but the idiotic physiognomy, with its correct nose, eyes, lips, looked on with an indifference that was terrible in its stupidity.

And when, limping on my colored legs, I was going away, for a long time yet I heard her ringing laugh. It was like a silvery stream that flows from an immense height and breaks with merry sound on a hard rock.

Scattered over the whole sleeping street, waking the silence of the night with our vigorous, excited voices, we walked home. A friend said to me,—

'You have had an enormous success. I have never seen people laugh more. — Hallo! What are you doing? Why are you tearing your mask? — Friends! he's mad, he's tearing his dress to pieces! He is crying!'

THE LITTLE PILGRIM OF ST. JAMES

BY ANDRÉ MARY

[*M. Mary, a French poet who is also noted for his wide acquaintance with mediæval French literature, has recently published* Les Amours de Frêne et Galeran, *a retelling in modern French of some of the old stories with which he has become familiar in the course of his researches. This story of the little pilgrim, the last in the book, is typical of the naïve charm of them all.*]

From *L'Humanité, June* 6
(Official Socialist Daily)

Three pilgrims set out together from the land of La Montagne, to travel to the shrine of St. James of Compostella: a God-fearing couple, good and worthy people, with their son, a youth of fifteen years, who was as beautiful as a holy image. After weeks and weeks of walking over mountains and down valleys, of eating, sometimes at the foot of a tree and sometimes in the shelter of a church doorway, and of sleeping out under the stars to save

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their few pennies, they were glad to find themselves one evening under the sky of Spain, and to know that the end of their long journey was at hand.

What a delight to put off the pilgrim's scrip and lay aside the staff, to wash off the dust of endless journeying, and to stretch out again upon a bed of feathers!

'I am dying of thirst,' cried the little boy.

'Let us go into this inn,' replied his father.

At the door stood a serving-maid with bare arms and gleaming eyes, who relieved the pilgrims of their burdens. Then, speaking to the youth, she said,— 'Come and drink, my pretty lad.'

Taking a candle, he followed the servant, who was carrying her pitcher, down into the cellar of the inn. There, while she drew wine from the vat, the shameless creature impudently stared into the face of the little pilgrim, until he grew rosy red. She touched with her hand the locks of his hair. She caressed him, and sought his love. But the young pilgrim repulsed her vehemently.

'Dost thou think I have come even so far,' he said, 'that I may commit mortal sin and lose the fruits of my pilgrimage?'

The chambermaid said not a word, but hatred burned in her heart.

Night came. Father, mother, and son, after they had supped together, went up to bed and lost no time in falling sound asleep. Meanwhile the serving-maid, who had been watching, full of a wicked regret, slunk like a wolf to the chamber where the lad lay, with his eyes closed, his hands devoutly crossed upon his breast — more like, in truth, to an angel than to one of the sons of men. She breathed out her rancor in a long sigh; then into the little pilgrim's wallet she thrust a silver ewer, wrought with marvelous skill and of incalculable price.

Day came, and the pilgrims set out upon their way. Scarce had they departed when the wicked serving-maid set up a great wailing and crying.

'What is amiss?' the keeper of the inn asked her.

She stammered, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron: 'The pilgrims have carried away your ewer of wrought silver.'

The keeper of the inn listened no further, but called the watch and set out with them in pursuit of the pilgrims. Around a turn in the road, there came floating back to their ears a canticle of true piety. It was they! The watch stopped the pilgrims, and seized them while they were yet protesting their innocence.

'Ah, the little thief!' cried the innkeeper suddenly, drawing the ewer from the lad's bag.

The parents' faces changed color. Their son, more dead than alive, defended himself in vain, wept, vowed by St. Vorles, by St. Nicolas, by the good God himself, that he had never stolen in his life, whatever appearances might be.

But they laid him in durance, and brought him to a judge, who condemned him to the gallows as a thief. How sad the countryside seemed on that fair, sunny day. On a green hillside the gibbet was set up. The mother swooned in her agony; the father groaned and turned aside his eyes. The boy was dragged up with the rope about his neck, and then — an inconceivable prodigy! — from the gallows' height his voice was heard: —

'Pursue your pilgrimage, dear parents. Do but commend my soul to the holy Monseigneur Saint James, and fail not to pass this way when you journey home.'

The pilgrims went again upon their way. Then, having done their devotions at the shrine of the great saint,

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they set out on the homeward road. What was their anguish as they approached the place of their son's death! It was great pity to behold them, as they walked with bowed heads, seldom speaking; and silently the tears coursed down their cheeks.

Then, from the very top of the gallows, their son saw them coming, and he fell to laughing. Appalled, the pilgrims gazed at one another. They hastened their steps. Their hearts beat strangely, and always and ever their son laughed. From the gallows a turtle-dove flew down.

'My son, my fair son, who has saved thy life?'

'Monseigneur Saint James, my father, to whom you prayed for me.'

'My son, my fair son, who brought thee food to eat?'

'It was a fair white bird, my mother, that brought it me.'

They made as if to let down their boy from the gallows, but he forbade them, saying that the judge alone might order such things. While the mother kept a vigil at the gallows-foot, like the Virgin at the foot of the Cross, the father hastened to gain the town.

He was brought to the judge, whom he found seated at table before a roasted fowl. At the story of the miracle, the magistrate shrugged his shoulders.

'What tale is this that thou dost tell me?' said he. 'I shall believe thee when this roast fowl crows!'

Forthwith, the fowl rose upon the platter, crowed lustily, and vanished through the open window.

Aghast, the judge cried, 'This is some great enchantment, or else a sign from Heaven!'

He left the table and ran with the father to the field of death. The cord was cut; the judge received the youth in his arms.

'Grant me thy pardon, my fair lad, unjustly accused, as Joseph was in the land of Egypt.'

The noon sun beats down upon the road. Staff in hand, scrip on shoulder, they are three pilgrims from the land of La Montagne, who are returning into France, singing a canticle of true piety.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MORITZ JOKAI

BY X. Y. Z.

[*Budapest has just dedicated a bronze statue of Moritz Jokai, one of the most prolific and distinguished Hungarian men of letters, who died in that city in 1904.*]

From *Pester Lloyd, May* 21
(German Hungarian Daily)

Jokai's monument is at length unveiled. Well-nigh twenty years have elapsed since the poet closed for the last time those great blue eyes, which were so truly windows of a perfect soul. Those who knew him in life will never forget him in death; for he towered so high above his associates that he left on them an impression which cannot be erased. Had a man of his gifted imagination and power of portrayal, of his genius and spirituality, lived in

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ancient Greece, he, like Sophocles, would have worn an imperishable crown of honor. In ancient Rome he would have received the wreath of victory, both as an author and as a poet. In the Middle Ages, Germany or Italy — or, to-day, England — would have made him a poet laureate. In our day and country he became, after a stormy youth battling for freedom, a novelist, a member of Parliament, and an editor — a poet equally plagued by party hate and party favor, to whom a moderately grateful nation erects a monument long after his life of vicissitude is ended.

I first met Jokai more than thirty years ago, just as I was in the midst of a heated argument with the elder Revay, the philosopher-publisher, regarding the true functions and duties of his profession. That wise kindly old gentleman parried my youthful and stormy criticisms with unruffled good-humor. Jokai had come into Revay's office while we were talking. Just as I was declaiming, with the pathos so dear to callow authors, 'Ah, what have priests done to religion and publishers to literature!' I noticed the presence of the poet, about whose lips a peculiar, inquiring, and yet ironical smile was playing.

He joined in the conversation, saying: 'Priests can't harm religion and publishers can't harm literature. Both exist for serving to the best of their ability the great mission to which they dedicate their lives and labors. I don't like to talk about priests and religion. That is a matter for every man to settle for himself. But I am an expert on publishers, and can say with confidence, that good authors can always get good publishers. If the publisher is a bad one, the author is generally bad, too. Honor to those to whom honor is due. A good publisher is for an author what pinions are for a bird. You can't fly far on a single quill.'

I later became a frequent visitor at Jokai's home, where I first met his wife, formerly the famous actress, Laborsalvy. She is said to have been a wonderfully beautiful woman back in the stormy revolution days of 1848. Time, however, had taken pitiless toll of her attractions. Years had given her an ill temper and a loud strident voice. Her kitchen scolding was constantly penetrating the study of the poet. None the less it was at that time that Jokai wrote the following characteristic lines: —

'Two spirits dwell in every man. One is good, the other evil. The bad spirit always gives good advice; and the good spirit bad advice. However, a higher power invariably changes the evil into good. Had I left Pest, on March 15, 1848, as the prudent counsels of my evil spirit dictated, never would I have written my hundred volumes, and to-day I would probably have been a worthy burgomaster in Kamoren. But I listened to the counsels of my good spirit, and followed its advice. It was at that time that I met Rosa Laborsalvy on the stage. We played no comedy, for we had too serious matters on our hands. Our task was to calm a raging sea of human beings, to force a headless giant to think. I received my first decoration from her. She pinned a tricolored ribbon to my breast. That was our engagement. Malicious gossip at once raised its head. Evil tales were whispered in my ears; suspicions were constantly suggested to me. The most considerate and reserved contented themselves with cautioning me that I was a young, inexperienced lad, and she a mature woman of the world. What a campaign of persecution was started against me! Every one cast stones at me. Nevertheless, Rosa Laborsalvy became my

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wife; and this woman, whom people tried to keep from me even by force, became the guide of my destiny, my faithful and beloved life-companion. She rescued me from death, liberated me from exile, shared with me my fame and my honors, and remains my pride! Never did I regret for a moment that I followed the counsel of my good spirit, and dared to obey its bad advice; for some higher power turned it all for the best.'

Jokai often talked with me about his methods of work. He began writing early in the morning. He wrote poems, dramas, novels — but, above all, romances. His romances are imperishable treasures of Hungarian literature and world literature. He was regularly at his desk from six until ten every morning 'delivering manuscript.' He loved blue ink, and wrote legibly, without correction, on smooth heavy paper; so that his written pages looked like blue copperplate engravings. His minimum daily stint was one page of print, providing he had his material well prepared beforehand. Once he said to me. 'When I get the thread of a plot, whether it be an incident in history or a psychological *motif*, I then have to study my characters. That always takes much care and labor. I identify myself with them and try to live their lives. Oftentimes my heroes become involved in complications and perils which I do not anticipate or intend; and then I ask myself, "How is that fellow to get out?" Fortunately they always do.'

On another occasion the poet remarked to me, that in his case, imagination took the place of memory; and added, after a moment's pause, that in reading over his old romances he was often surprised at their contents. He quoted a witty remark of the humorist Stettenheim: 'I have an excellent memory. I forget absolutely everything.' It was fortunate for Jokai that he forgot much, even though it were not absolutely everything. For he suffered much injustice and unkindness in his day.

However, he disregarded envy and hatred, care and sorrow, and met life's evil experiences with Olympic calm and classic humor. He wrote once: 'I have eaten out of the same pot with gypsies, and dined at the same table with queens. I have been a poor devil who taught Jewish children the rudiments of Hungarian for a salary of two guilders a month, and a bank president who could draw a draft for hundreds of thousands. The rope of the hangman and the ribbons of great orders have both hung around my neck. I have been bombarded with mud, and also with bouquets and garlands. I have been called a poet-king, and Kossuth's cur. When I was twenty-three, I took part in the Revolution, fought in the war, and married. I have nothing to complain of.'

In fact he never did complain. Not even when 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' pursued him. He remained a true poet in the midst of the most prosaic environment. *Ecce Poeta!* One might almost say his head was ever in the clouds, and that only his feet touched the earth. Critics grubbed industriously for imperfections in his art. He merely laughed at them. Opponents attacked him because, in spite of his stormy and revolutionary youth, he became one of Tisza's 'Mamelukes.' That never troubled him. People aired his family life in the newspapers. He seemed scarcely to notice it. Perhaps he consoled himself with Goethe's scornful thrust at all false moralists: 'You may sin yourself before you know it.'

Whenever Jokai spoke of his opponents and enemies, with his invariably gentle, somewhat melancholy under-

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tone of irony, he would try to puzzle out their motive and, if he could not discover one, at least to apologize for them. There was a period during which public opinion was against him. Although he knew this was unfair, and although he was thus robbed of respect and consideration justly due him, and all this deeply wounded him, it did not change his opinion of his fellow countrymen. He wrote: 'I know my Hungary. I know it will fight and bleed and die for an idea as bravely as any other nation on earth. But it can never bring itself to fall upon an enemy from behind or to waylay him from ambush. It will not tolerate secret treachery. What you whisper to my people to-day they will sing upon the streets to-morrow. We do not need secret police in Hungary, because everyone thinks aloud. When the Hungarian intends to fight he sets the time and place, but leaves his enemy the choice of weapons.'

Jokai's knightly soul made him fancy that his enemies also were knightly. Proud, self-confident, noble, and good himself, he insisted upon endowing all his fellow countrymen with the same traits. Were he living to-day and a witness of our present sufferings and trials, he would only repeat what he wrote many years ago to a foreign publisher: 'Hungary's existence for a thousand years is a stubborn fact in history. Its geographical situation proves that it has survived only by valiant fighting. We take no credit for the fact that our battles were fought for Christianity. It would be unworthy of the Hungarian people to imitate those aged veterans, who don their medals of valor and knock at the doors of the powerful, appealing to their ancient exploits and their gray hairs in their plea for help.'

We should not forget Jokai's devotion to Hungarian journalism. That is a chapter — and a merry chapter — in itself. He was editor-in-chief several times, in positions which brought him a salary of some two hundred guilders a month. On rare occasions he would write a political leader, now and then a supplement article, and very often a romance. But he was constantly signing papers for his colleagues. The memoirs of one of our distinguished journalists contain a humorous account of the infinite trouble the managing editor invariably had to obtain each installment of Jokai's stories at the proper time, and to ensure their ultimate completion. However, Jokai was always ready to help out any fellow pressman, although he himself was merely a journalist *ad honores*. He once described his relation to the staff in a humorous toast as follows: 'My dear colleagues: I am as close to you as the wooden Indian in front of a cigar store. He belongs to the store, but the store does n't belong to him; and he is never permitted inside.'

During the last years of his life Jokai had to suffer many attacks. They never disturbed his composure. He shook them off with a laugh. When he seemed to have lost his popularity, he still had his genius to console him, sure that the day would come when the nation would erect a monument to its greatest romanticist, and recall with pride the great soul, who forgave injustice and forgot injuries, and whose farewell greeting to his fellow countrymen was these beautiful and lofty words: 'My spirit will always dwell with you. You will find me in the flowers, in the foliage, and in the falling leaves. You will hear me in the evening chimes; and you will feel my presence whenever you think of me.'

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FOX-CUBS

BY DOUGLAS GORDON

From *The Spectator, June* 11
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE white owl, most ghostly of night watchmen, had just passed on his first twilight round; a lone glowworm showed a pale green spark on the edge of the swamp, and shadowy night-jars flitted over the heath, with their peculiar wavy noiseless flight, which more resembles that of a great bat than a bird. The evening lull was on, and there was no sound save the occasional weird, vibrating drum-call of a snipe, or perhaps the 'burr' of a cockchafer or 'dumbadore,' by which expressive name that insect is known in the West Country. The light had become too uncertain for shooting; so shouldering my gun and taking no further interest in the rabbits — mere shadows now — which skipped across the rides, I quitted the plantations and struck out across the heather, without troubling to disguise my foot-fall.

Something stirred ahead; there was a suggestion of movement, felt rather than heard, the scurry of swift feet, a gleam of white in my path, a growl, and a sharp challenge which struck a note somewhere between a bark and a scream. There could be no mistaking the voice. I have occasionally heard sounds to which distance and certain natural effects have imparted some resemblance to a fox's cry; but there is something about the genuine thing which makes the slightest chance of confusion impossible, for there is no other sound quite like it in the woods. Again the shrill voice arose, the same *grr-wow-wow-wo-ow*. This time I knew it to be a vixen's bark, for there was a ring of menace in it which could have but one meaning. She had run in, and was evidently circling to get the wind of me; for the second challenge, uttered at closer quarters, sounded from quite a different point of the compass. The case was clear, of course, nor was there anything exceptional about it. Cubs were near, probably squatting in the heather within a gunshot of me. I had chanced upon a litter on the move, but, of course, failed to see them in the fading light. Even the mother's outline was not discernible. The transient flash of her white breast was all I saw; and though I strained my eyes in every direction, there was no picking her out. Being assured of my identity, she had vanished, fox-like, into the gloom, and save for the distant sighing of the pines, the moor was silent.

To search for the cubs then would have been worse than useless, but there was every hope of being able to trace them. They were not likely to travel far. The surrounding hills were riddled with holes, any one of which would afford them sanctuary, and a little quiet watching was all that would be required. A week later I found them, settled in an old badger-set under some firs at the head of a wild coombe. The earth opened on to a little grassy glade, in which the cubs were wont to play of an evening and on certain sunny afternoons, and one could overlook the spot from a larch wood on the opposite slope. It was a large litter, numbering seven. The vixen was a pretty and rather strikingly marked little fox, with the

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white of her cheeks and breast unusually pronounced. I had gathered that impression from the fleeting glimpse which I had first obtained of her, when she barked at me, so identification was easy.

It is worth remarking that I saw no dog-fox anywhere near the place. But this was probably due to accident. I know many experts of to-day maintain that the fox is polygamous, that the sole charge of the litter devolves upon the vixen, and that the dog, when seen about the earth, is there for purely predatory purposes. That the theory has some foundation, one cannot deny; but I have seen enough to become convinced that it is a mistake, none the less. Many points, however, arise upon this question, and some space would be required to deal with it satisfactorily.

Many a pleasant hour I spent studying the interesting little family. It is, of course, fatal to venture too near a litter, but with the aid of a good glass I could bring them to within a few yards of me, and still keep a discreet distance. Those who have never seen fox-cubs at play have missed an exceedingly pretty sight. The originality and cuteness displayed by the little rascals are astonishing. One afternoon, after waiting a long while without getting a glimpse of the foxes, I was surprised to notice what looked like a ball of auburn wool come rolling down the steep slope from the earth and out upon the level turf, where it gradually lost momentum, and at last came to a stop. Thereupon the ball uncurled, and took the form of a cub, who sat up and looked about him with the most self-satisfied air imaginable. Before I had grasped the situation the performance was repeated by a second cub, and a third, and so on, until the whole seven were sitting in whimsical attitudes at the foot of the slope. Many times afterwards I saw them do the same thing. Each would tuck his little head well under his breast, curl his backbone into a hoop, bunch the four tiny legs and brush tight into his middle, and set himself a-rolling from some point where the bank was steepest, gathering impetus as he went. Sometimes three or four would roll abreast as if racing, colliding with one another on the way, to arrive in a scrambling, squabbling heap at the bottom. Sometimes they would do it in turn, as when I first saw them; and occasionally one, in more energetic mood than his fellows, would perform again and again for his own gratification.

Just like them to devise so novel a game, but whence the original idea? Was it the invention of an individual, conveyed to the rest by example? One could believe those shrewd little heads to be capable of inventing anything. Was it a standard fox game? Had they discovered it through chance, or was it taught them, and, if so, how? But to these and many subsequent questions no answer was forthcoming.

They had not yet reached the stage when a cub will spin around by the hour in pursuit of his own brush. In fact, not one of them so far could boast a brush long enough to whisk; but each consoled himself for this deficiency by chasing and nipping those of the others, which caused, I noticed, many squabbles and ear-pullings among them. At other times they chased the bees, played with the shadows that chequered the glade, fought mimic battles among themselves, or tore and worried the bones and feathers which littered the place.

Whatever they did, they were always interesting; but the most entertaining sight of all was a family feed. To see this necessitated being on the watch at the precise moment when the vixen brought in meat, and entailed endless waitings and frequent disappointment. The few occasions, however, when fortune favored me more than compen-

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sated for all the trouble taken. The meal, of course, was another word for a good old rough and tumble; and it seemed to me, while watching them, that the biggest of the litter always contrived to secure the lion's share. When the menu consisted of several items, such as a bunch of mice or young birds, then everybody got something; but when, as was often the case, one full-grown rabbit comprised the bill of fare, some cubs fared badly.

Of the seven, four were sturdy, broad-headed youngsters which I judged to be dogs, the remaining three, presumably vixens, being lighter-boned and considerably smaller. It was these little unfortunates that, as far as one could see, came in for nothing save odd scraps and bones. As for the mother, she seemed quite unaware of it, or was culpably negligent in the matter, I thought. However, one could see no means of remedying it. Sometimes, indeed, I took them extra food in the shape of a rabbit or thieving rook. This I accomplished by approaching the place from above and pitching my offering down the slope so as to fall as near the earth as possible. But this, of course, was of little use. It increased the general supply, certainly, but, as ever, the stronger ones principally benefited, and, being afraid of arousing the mother's suspicions and causing her to remove the litter, I soon gave up doing it.

About then I chanced to be away from the neighborhood for some days, and when next I saw the foxes, I discovered that the family had diminished in numbers during my absence. It took me some little time to make sure of this, but at last I became convinced beyond a doubt that only three remained. What had become of the others, there was no telling; it sufficed that they were gone; and the most curious thing about it was that the remaining three were certainly the weaker cubs, for whom I had been apprehensive. Had it been the other way about, one could have understood it. The cubs, at any rate, appeared to appreciate the change. Their little bodies rounded out with the now abundant food the mother brought them; but I was vexed and a good deal puzzled to account for the loss of the others. I feared foul play somewhere, but could trace it home to nobody.

The gamekeeper, when questioned, could throw no light on the matter, nor offer any probable explanation. In the course of our conversation, however, he told me of another litter which he had discovered in a certain gorge, a famous breeding-place, a mile or two away. This was a piece of welcome news, and I lost no time in verifying it. It was true enough, and I at once set myself to study the newcomers. This earth, however, was situated in blind country, and proved very difficult to overlook. So for some time I got only fleeting glimpses of the cubs as they played among the brushwood.

But one afternoon, when lying in wait in my chosen look-out, I noticed an old fox coming up the gorge, carrying food of some kind, a young crow by the look of it. Now was my chance of a good view of them at last. I focused my glass on the fox meanwhile, started, looked again, then set down the glass in astonishment. It was the same old vixen. Her unusual marking branded her beyond all possibility of mistake, and it was with something more than interest that I now watched her movements. In a little open space not far from the earth she stopped, and must have called, for the next moment the cubs came tumbling out, and fell upon the bird, which soon resembled nothing that ever wore feathers. The mother sat and watched them as they tugged and tussled. So did I, and counted them again and again in case of mistake. But there was little chance of that. Four beauti-

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ful cubs were there, somewhat larger than when I had last seen them, but undoubtedly the very four that had disappeared from the earth under the fir trees two or three weeks before. The seemingly negligent mother had seen how matters were going, even as I had done, and had tackled the situation in the most practical fashion.

But, argues the scientist, would a fox possess sufficient intelligence to carry out so discriminating a task? To that I answer nothing, knowing as little about it as the scientist. All I say is, the thing was done. The cubs certainly did not remove themselves; and, if their mother was not the responsible party, who was?

COLLOQUY IN A JAPANESE INN

BY J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

From *The Manchester Guardian* (Japan Number) *June* 9
(ENGLISH LIBERAL DAILY)

ONE of the most interesting experiences I had in Japan occurred one night when I was staying at a country inn. At a late hour I was told that the Governor of the prefecture was in a room overhead. I had called on him a few days before in his prefectural capital. A large daimyo-like figure, he had been dignified and courteous, but impenetrable. There had been no depth in our talk. I felt that I should like to know more about the man inside this Excellency.

Now that he was at the same inn with me it was Japanese good manners to pay him a brief visit. So I went upstairs with my interpreter, telling him on the way that we should not remain more than five minutes.

We were wearing our bath kimonos. The Governor also was at his ease in one of these garments. He was kneeling at a low table reading. After salutations we knelt at the other side, spoke on general topics, asked one or two questions, and began to take our leave. On this the Governor said that he would like very much to ask me in turn some questions.

We spoke together until one o'clock in the morning, his Excellency continually expressing his unwillingness that we should go.

The next day my companion wrote out this artless summary of what the Governor had said, and of what I had tried to say in reply. It gives an impression at once of a certain simplicity and sincerity in the Japanese character and of the pressure of Western ideas.

Governor. There have died lately several members of my family. Some of my officials come to me and ask if I am content under such misfortune. I am tormented by the conflict of my scientific and religious feelings. Are you tormented, or are you composed and peaceful even when meeting such misfortunes as mine?

Myself. Grief is loss. As to science, it seeks after truth in all matters; but there are truths which are to be searched out through our feeling, conscience, and instinct. Religion has to do with these

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truths. It is quite good for a religion if all superstitions and ignorance in it can be cleared away by science. We are hampered in our thinking of a future life by our traditions, prejudices, deep ignorance, and poor mental strength and training, and much energy is needed in the world for present service. Some have thought of an immortality in which a man's sincere influence, his unselfish manifestations, those things which are the essences of a man's existence, will live on; in other words, that the best of a life is immortal, but not in the way of ghosts. As to the memory, example, and achievement of the dead, it is sure that we are aided by them.

Governor. If we sacrifice ourselves for the public good, it is the best that we can do in this world. But are you composed at the sad news concerning the Lusitania? If you think that that event was directed by divine destiny, then you may be composed and may not complain.

Myself. Such an accident may be by divine destiny in the sense that everything in this world, the saddest misery, the greatest misfortunes are suffered in the development of mankind, so that this war is for the final betterment of the whole world.

Governor. *Sensei* [teacher, instructor] will please say what is God.

Myself. Many of my countrymen have been taught that God is 'Spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.' There are those who would say that God may be the total developing or bettering energy, and that we are all part of God. Some people have a personal conception of God, the sum of all goodness. May not his Excellency consider the peasant's idea of the governor of a prefecture? The peasant's idea of a governor is greater than that of any particular governor. His Excellency's good works are done, not by himself alone, but by all the good energies inherent in the Governorship. Those energies are unseen, but real. The Japanese army and navy triumphed by the virtue of the Emperor — by the virtue of ideas.

Governor. The thought of *Sensei* is quite Oriental.

Myself. All religions are from Asia.

Governor. This world, where stars move, flowers blossom and decay, spring and autumn come, and people are born and die, is too full of mystery; but I can feel some intelligence working through it, though incomprehensible.

Myself. Alas, people will try to explain that Incomprehensibleness.

Governor. What you have said is quite reasonable, clear, and logical, but I seek for a warmer interpretation of the world, for a more heartfelt relation with cosmos. Several of my officials themselves lost their dear children recently. They cannot accept their loss with heart and brain, and ask my direction.

Myself. In the New Testament it is taught that God is Love. We can be composed if we feel that God is Love.

Governor. We must solve a great problem by ourselves.

Myself. We have opportunities of doing some good works in this life. Therefore we must go on till we die, and we must be content at being able to do something good, directly or indirectly, in however small measure.

Governor. I think of Napoleon dying tormented in St. Helena, and the peaceful attitude of Socrates, though being poisoned by enemies. Socrates had done many good things, yet he was poisoned.

Myself. Socrates had done what he could for his country and the world, yet by his death he could do one thing more.

The Governor said that he 'got comfort' from our talk, but this did not perfectly reassure me. The next evening, however, I found a parboiled Governor alone in the bath, and he

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greeted me very warmly. Without our interpreter, we could say nothing that mattered; but we were glad of this further meeting in the friendly hot water. It seemed that our talk would be memorable to both of us.

The following various dicta on religion and morals were delivered to me by Japanese at various times during my sojourn in Japan: —

A. In Japan all religions have been turned into sentiment — or æstheticism.

B (*after speaking appreciatively of the ideas animating many Japanese Christians*): All the same, I do not feel quite safe about trusting the future of Japan to those people.

C (*in answer to my suggestion that possibly a Quakerism which compromised on war, as John Bright's male descendants did, might gain many adherents in Japan*). Other sects may have a smaller ultimate chance than Quakerism. One mistake made by the Quakers was in going to work first among the poorer classes. The Quakers ought to have begun with the intellectual classes, for every movement in Japan is from the top.

D. You will notice what a number of the gods of Japan are deified men. There is a good side to the earth earthy, but many Japanese seem unable to worship anything higher than human beings. The readiest key to the religious feelings of Japanese is the religious life of the Greeks. The more I study the Greeks, the more I see our resemblance to them, except in two points — our lack of philosophy and our lack of physical comeliness.

E. I conduct certain classes which the clerks of my bank must attend. The teaching I give is based on Confucian, Christian, and Buddhist principles. I try to make the young men more manful.

F (*a septuagenarian ex-daimyo*). Confucianism is the basis of my life, but I conduct a Buddhist service in my house morning and evening, and twice a month I serve at my Shinto shrine. It is necessary to make the profession that Buddha saves us. I do not believe in paradise. It is paradise if, when I die, I have a peaceful mind due to a feeling that I have done my duty in life and that my sons are not bad men. If I am not peaceful on my deathbed I cannot perish or reach peace, but must struggle on. Therefore, my sons must be good. I myself tried to be filial, and I have always said to my sons, 'Fathers may not be fathers, but sons must be sons.'

G. I wish foreigners had a juster idea about 'idols.' There is a difference between frequenters of the temples believing the figures to be holy and believing them to be gods. Every morning mother serves before her shrine of Buddha, but she does not believe our figure of Buddha to be God. She would not soil or irreverently handle our Buddha, but it is only holy as a symbol, as an image of a holy being. My mother has said to me: 'Buddha is our father. He looks after us always. I cannot but thank him. If there be after-life, Buddha will lead me to Paradise.' My mother is composed and peaceful. All through her life she has met calamities and troubles serenely. I admire her very much. She is a good example of how Buddha's influence makes one peaceful and spiritual. But such religious experience may not be grasped from the outside by foreigners.

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AMERICA vs. EUROPE

BY AUGUST HAMON

[*The author of the following interesting Socialist interpretation of the present world-situation is a distinguished French economist; but is better known, perhaps, as a translator and interpreter of Bernard Shaw.*]

From *El Socialista, May* 20
(MADRID OFFICIAL SOCIALIST LABOR DAILY)

THE government of France, which in turn is more or less governed by a clan of iron and steel capitalists, is endeavoring to use the Treaty of Versailles to dominate the iron and steel market of the world; just as England is using the same treaty to extend its control over the maritime commerce of the world. These are the two central points around which all the great events of world-politics to-day revolve. It is enough to recall the difficulties that surrounded the drafting of this treaty, to appreciate these facts.

So incessant and so serious have been the crises which have ensued since that treaty was adopted, that it is almost impossible to weigh properly the significance of each succeeding incident. Fortunately, one of its makers has now published its history, and his own defense. This is the book of André Tardieu entitled *The Peace*, in which he analyzes the motives and causes which controlled the Conference, and shows clearly that the Treaty of Versailles is the work of a group of employees of the capitalist powers, who are trying to destroy or render helpless their competitors.

From the French standpoint, it is an iron-and-steel peace. From the English standpoint, it is a merchant-marine peace. The Americans were worked to the limit and left in the lurch. It would be incomprehensible for such a false peace to be made by statesmen; that is to say, by men who have a scientific theory of government and international relations, which they are seeking to clothe with reality. It is quite comprehensible, however, as the product of politicians: in other words, of men actuated by the single motive of staying in office and hanging on to the material and sentimental perquisites which accompany political honor.

We have a striking account of French politicians in two recent books: *Mes Prisons*, by Caillaux, and *Mon Crime*, by Malvy. The Clemenceau of 1914–1920 is exactly the Clemenceau of Cornelius Hertz-Reinach. Capitalists understand how to retain able, astute, and persistent employees. They must be well paid. It is easy to pay liberally when you use the money of others for that purpose.

The Americans were routed; and in fact they did not make much resistance. They felt that they held the reins, since they were the most powerful group of capitalists in the world, whose resources in gold and raw materials far exceeded those of their European competitors. They waited for their hour to come. And now it has arrived. Our French capitalists thought they might beguile these rivals by sending an ambassador extraordinary to America in the person of M. Viviani. This bearer of kind words was received with kind words.

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But their only purpose was mutual deception. Domestic and foreign policies are to-day founded on interminable lying, on perfect bluff. Rulers fancy themselves very shrewd. But the truth is, no one believes their yarns. No one is taken in by their bluff. Its only effect is occasionally to cloud the truth for a brief period.

We have a striking example of this transient deluding in what the rulers of Germany accomplished during the war. It has been illustrated repeatedly, since 1919, by the rulers of Great Britain and France. When will they realize that the best way to govern men and to run governments is to tell the truth and be frank? While they are learning that lesson, their lies have not deceived American capitalists. The latter are not so gullible after all. They are pursuing their own objects and those exclusively. Among the latter is to prevent the economic and industrial collapse of Germany, for the sole profit of English commerce and French steel kings.

That explains why the United States government is willing to associate itself again with the various councils and commissions that are trying to run Europe. American newspapers publish this object from more or less official sources. At the same time, the Americans insist that the European powers, which are so heavily indebted to the United States, must defer to their country in such matters. There is a veiled threat in all this.

Germany's rulers appreciate the situation perfectly; but their genius for doing the wrong thing impels them to act in a way which embarrasses rather than promotes American policy.

Meanwhile the leading men of England welcome America's resumed interest in Europe. They hope to employ the Yankees to strangle their French rivals. After that, they will settle other things. 'Wait and see' is the ancient tradition of their foreign policy; a most successful tradition because the British are adepts at compromise — an art which the French utterly fail to understand. However, the Americans rival their transatlantic cousins in this kind of strategy.

So we find the Yankees ready to share again in reorganizing Europe. American interests logically compel the government of the United States to veto the schemes of French capitalists to make themselves the metallurgical dictators of the world; and therefore they must save Germany from economic servitude. What America decrees is right and just in respect to Germany; and must be accepted by the rulers of France whether they like it or not.

The Treaty of Versailles is dead. The government of the United States has not ratified it; and since that government has resumed its seat in the Councils of the Powers, the treaty's execution has become impossible. That is the inexorable logic of the situation. There is no use in trying to conceal from others or from ourselves the inevitable consequences of a separate peace between the United States and Germany, accompanied as it is by the reappearance of all-powerful America in the political councils of the world.

In defending the interests of American capitalists, the government of the United States is being forced to put into effect the vague idealism which Wilson summarized in his famous Fourteen Points. And, in truth, peace in Europe and in the world at large cannot exist and continue until these Fourteen Points, and what logically flows from them, have been actually applied. I pointed this out in detail during my lectures at the University of London in 1916, even before Wilson made his celebrated address.

All Americans — capitalists and com-

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mon people alike — want peace. To get that, we must have disarmament. If we have disarmament, freedom of the seas follows by a process of unescapable logic. But when there is perfect equality on the seas, ports and harbors will tend to become international, free trade will follow as a matter of course, and in the footsteps of these reforms comes logically the right of nations to group themselves under such governments as they will. That end cannot be attained until we have a federation of free and democratic governments.

Mr. Harding's administration will be forced by the logic of events to pursue this object, if it is to serve the interests of the money kings and the masses of the United States. Unless the President chooses that course, he will find himself drawn by an equally irresistible current into a war with Japan, in order to win room for the free expansion of American capitalism and a more enduring world-peace. There is no third way. Which will he choose? That depends on one factor — England's policy. And the latter, in turn, is largely influenced by events in Russia and Asia.

After studying closely the situation here and public opinion in Great Britain, as voiced by the recent letters of Asquith, Keynes, and Lord Robert Cecil, I am inclined to think that a pacifist policy will triumph in America, and that Mr. Harding will become the executor of the policy of Mr. Wilson.

CHOPIN: THE SOUL OF POLAND

BY G. JEAN-AUBRY

From *The Chesterian*
(English Musical Journal)

At the age of twenty, when he left Warsaw, pursued by a strange presentiment that he was never to return, Frédéric Chopin carried with him a silver cup; loving friends had filled it with a little of the earth of Poland. Less than twenty years later, this handful of earth was tenderly thrown on his bier.

Each one of the works of Chopin bears the impress of this spirit. The chasing which adorns it, the incident it reveals, the emotions it suggests, the feelings it reflects, must not let us forget that, in such work, as at the bottom of this cup, beats the heart itself, the presence of his far-away land, the glowing love from which nothing could alienate.

Music is the flower of the earth itself; the humbler she is, the deeper go her roots into that life-giving soil; and be she great, it is there again that she draws the sap of her fruitfulness. She may seem free from these earthly ties, she may reach the essence of human pain or joy, and carry through all the universe the confession of a burning soul or a heart in anguish; but from the depths of her waters rise the reflections of the race that gave her birth.

With a heart full of woe, two months before his departure, Chopin wrote: 'If I leave Warsaw, I shall see my home no more; I shall die in a distant land.' But he goes away; he needs must be

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exiled to feel the whole strength of the bond that ties him to his land.

Under his own roof all is habit; our universe is narrow, and our windows, opened on the accustomed landscape, disclose but a dream and do not incite to action. It is only on going out into the world that we feel whither the heart draws us and realize the eternal things that may lie hidden in the secret chambers of the soul.

In spite of all that holds him at home, he departs; his heart is athirst for this inevitable pain, and it is for us that he sacrifices his quiet happiness. Resolutely he renounces the joys of his own earth, to carry the very soul of it with him everywhere, and henceforth he is always *de passage*. He dies in France, in exile. Truly, the country he had left must be beautiful if he felt an exile there.

His country was beautiful, but she was more, she was unhappy. He could not tear himself away from her, and his dreams were always of her.

Everywhere he bears her with him. George Sand and the cool shades of Nohant hold him. One spring morning he writes: 'I lie in bed and my eyes look out over the fields. A big space before the windows. Soil of France. Far away under Polish skies I see the eyes of my mother. Tears unshed weigh heavily; "Frédéric," she says, "thou wilt be a great musician. Thy Poland will be proud of thee." Poland, dear country.'

And, when his life is all but spent, from the Scottish hills, where he attempts once more to unite his shattered being, he writes with a feeble hand: 'Dear Poland, I see thee in the mists with the eyes of my mother, her mouth, her chin. Poland who sings and who weeps, poor land, my heart is thine; her earth with its mild fragrance will purify my heart; it will rest on thy breast. At last, rest! . . .'

All the evening one sees him smiling, slender and delicate, a little ironical, quick to grasp the ridiculous. Everyone around him talks of love or dreams. Women stretch out to him their fans, as if begging for alms. How many have been deceived by this exterior of a dandy, by this appearance of weakness.

It seemed as if it were the world in which he appeared that thus wore him out little by little, and one did not suspect that it was only the world in which he lived, the world which his thoughts were ceaselessly reconstructing before his eyes with a terrible exactitude.

Chopin, Chopin, you leave the room where dancing continues. Leaning against a door-post, you hold your hand to your heart which beats too fast, and press against your lips a handkerchief of finest lawn. You smile, but a sob springs softly and silently from that sorrowful heart, whose secret no one must discover. You smile, pale under your hair of ashes and gold; your only care seems for your cloak and your cane, left with a servant. But you have not found, and you will never find, forgetfulness, longed for at times, from that great flow of love for your far-off country.

Poland, Poland — how many nights has he held her to his heart, pale and wonderful betrothed, tender and fierce beloved one. Yes, in the Majorca evenings, and the nights in Paris, among the ocean breezes which blew over the old convent in the Baleares, amid drawing-room talks and elegant women and all the little refinements, dear to his sensitive taste, he thought but of thee, Poland.

And it was not of society, or of a surfeit of labor, nor yet even of consumption, that he died. He died of Poland, of a love so deep, so fervent and so constant, that no human strength could have endured it.

The sign of passion is to bring death; but the token of passion is also to leave

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confessions, wherewith hearts less filled with emotion, and spirits less deep, can forever refresh themselves.

The rhythms and the melodies of his distant country marked the beats of his heart; his matchless gift was to communicate in the simple language of his race an experienced emotion. But the rarest of Chopin's virtues is the measure of his silence; he was, all his life, the man who could keep a secret and reveal it to none but himself.

It was enough, when this secret stifled him and night fell on his shoulders like a shroud, to confide it to the piano, and make Poland appear as if by a miracle.

Then there rush forth moans, the cry of suppressed anger, joys unforeseen, quick emotions, tender passion, tender as arms thrown suddenly round a being, seen again and once thought dead.

At times joy opens an arcade under this dark splendor; the past gleams in pearly streams, a light finger touches the door, a rose-bush trembles with all its flowers near the window; the smile of a face once seen, joy awakened of a sudden and bounding forth into life, like a confession of love.

At times again, the whole longing of a people, all the Polish plain where the wind whistles, the plain which makes the heavens so vast, all the white plain which makes the heavens so deep, and on their great darkness, the stars more luminous.

Let us learn to respond to these undying confidences, or rather let us receive them. Chopin needs no cries, he speaks to us in the softest accents. His music is a heart's confession; in noisily expressing it, we destroy his secret.

Fingers and voice led by such love, pay homage, better than words, to this grave of our imagination, which our devotion keeps up and which guards forever the secret of a soul whose fire nothing could quench — homage to the imaginary tombstone of Frédéric Chopin where, from a mound sown with the violets he loved, rises, on the dark immensity of heaven, the strange and pure beauty of a cross made of an incomparable crystal.

AN IRISH LEGEND

BY PATRICK HENRY PEARSE

[The following legend, originally written in Erse, is from the pen of the former President of the Irish Republic, who was executed in 1916, after the Dublin rebellion.]

From *Pester-Lloyd, June 3*
(Budapest German Hungarian Daily)

Old Matthias sat in the doorway of his cabin, as motionless as a stone image. His head was bowed, and he was listening intently. He who had ears could hear many pleasing sounds. Old Matthias could hear the splashing of the waves as they broke against the neighboring cliff, and to the murmur of the little brook rippling over the stones near-by. He could hear the cry of the gulls circling over the rocky coast, the mooing of the kine in the paddock, and

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the merry laughter of children on a neighboring green. But these were not the sounds for which he was so intently listening, although every one of them delighted his ears. What he sought to catch was the church bell ringing the call to mass, which the wind brought to him intermittently across meadows still misty with the morning dew.

Old Matthias never went to church. He had not listened to the Holy Word for more than sixty years. When last he crossed himself, he was a lively, vigorous youth; and now he was an aged, weathered, weary man, with white hair, wrinkled forehead, and stooping shoulders. During the sixty years he had never bent his knee before God, never said a paternoster, never given thanks to his Saviour. Old Matthias was a peculiar man in his community.

No one knew why he never went to mass. Some said he did not believe in God, others that he had committed a mortal sin in his youth, and that, when the priest refused absolution at the confessional, he had fallen into a rage and swore that he would never again come to a priest or enter a church. And sometimes, after the children were abed, the old folks would whisper to each other around the peat fire, that he had pledged his soul to the Evil One, whom he had once met on the summit of Stag Mountain, and that his new master would not let him go to mass. I do not know how much truth there was in any of these stories, but one fact is certain: the oldest people in the village could not remember having ever seen Matthias at a religious service. Only Tuimon O'Naidy, an old man who had died past ninety a few years ago, used to say that, when he was a young man, he had seen him at church with his own eyes.

Yet one must not suppose that old Matthias was a bad man. You could hardly conceive a person more kindly, modest, and unaffected. No one ever heard an angry or an evil word from his mouth. He took no pleasure in drink or in rowdy company. He was not avaricious or grasping. Though a poor man, he often shared his modest means with those poorer than himself. He had sympathy for the sorrowing and charity for the destitute; and was ever courteous and thoughtful toward his fellow men. Women, children, and the dumb animals loved him, and he loved them in return.

Old Matthias preferred the company of women to that of men, but delighted most of all in little children. He was wont to say that women were wiser than men, and children wiser than either. He spent most of his unoccupied time with his little friends. On such occasions, he would sit down in a corner with them, and tell them marvelous stories, or get them to tell him stories of their own.

Now and then, some of the mothers would worry and wonder whether it was right to let their children associate so much with old Matthias, 'a man who never visits the priest or attends mass.' One of them confided her doubts to Father John, but the latter answered:

'Let children do as they like. They could be in no better company.'

'But they say, Father, that he does not believe in God.'

'There are many saints in Heaven to-day who, during their life on this earth, did not believe in God. And mark well one thing: if old Matthias does not love God,—something neither you nor I know, — he has a marvelous love for the most beautiful and purest creatures that God has made — the innocent souls of children. That is the same love which our Saviour and the greatest of the saints possess. Who knows? May not these children sometime lead old Matthias back to God?'

One Sunday old Matthias sat as usual

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in his cabin door. His neighbors had gone to mass. A group of little children was playing on the green in front of his cabin, and among them there was a tiny stranger. For a long time Matthias observed the newcomer attentively, delighted at his beauty and his graceful ways and manners. Finally he called out to one of his little companions: —

'You, Paul, who is that little lad who has been playing with you for the last two weeks? That little chap with the brown hair — or no, it is reddish blond; I can hardly tell in the sunshine whether it is dark or light. I mean the little fellow there who is just running toward us.'

'That is little Jesus,' replied the boy.

'Little Jesus!'

'That is what he calls himself.'

'Where does he come from?'

'I don't know, but he says his father's a king.'

'And where does he live?'

'He's never told us but he says it's right near-by.'

The old man looked around for him again; but this time he saw only the familiar little lads of the neighborhood, whom he had known from the time they were babies. The child whom the boy had called 'little Jesus' was no longer there. Just then they were interrupted by the people coming back from mass.

The next Sunday the same thing occurred again. The neighbors went to mass and left the old man and the children behind. Old Matthias's heart beat with joy as he saw the little stranger again among them. He rose and hobbled over to where he was. After regarding him silently for a time, he stretched his hands toward him and said in a low voice: —

'So, little Jesus.'

The child laid his hands in the withered, calloused hands of the old man, and the two walked back toward the cabin. Old Matthias sat down again in his usual seat, and took the little stranger on his knee.

'Where do you live, little Jesus?' he asked.

'My house is close by. Why have you never come there?'

'I would never venture to visit the palace of the King. They say your father's a king.'

'Don't worry about that. He is n't that kind of a king. He loves everyone.'

'I should not like to do that, however, because I do not know him.'

'Don't trouble about that. I'll introduce you.'

'I'm sorry I did n't notice you sooner. Where have you been?'

'I've always been here. I go everywhere, even up in the mountains. I'm always at home when people come; and I play with the children on the street.'

'I'm too proud to come to your house, but I'm glad I found you among the children. How does it happen I never saw you before?'

'Grown-ups are not sharp-sighted.'

'Yet I have been permitted to see you at last.'

'My Father let me show myself to you, because you are so fond of little children.'

'Will I ever see you again?'

'Certainly.'

'When?'

'To-night.'

And with these words, the little boy disappeared.

'So I am going to see him again to-night!' muttered old Matthias, as he went into his cabin.

A rainy, stormy night it was. The great waves roared against the cliffs; the wind sighed and shrieked through the trees in the churchyard. The church itself stood on a tall hill overlooking the ocean. Father John was just closing his Bible to say his evening

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prayer, when he heard a knock at the door. He listened a moment to make sure it was not the storm, and the knock was repeated. Rising from his seat in front of the fire, he went to the door and opened it. A little-boy stood at the threshold, whom the priest could not recall having seen before. He was clothed in white, and it seemed to the good father as though his face shone with a strange radiance — but perhaps that was only because the moonlight just then broke through the storm clouds and fell upon his face and hair.

'Who are you?' asked Father John.

'Put on your things as soon as possible, Father, and come down to the cabin of old Matthias. He is dying.'

That was enough for the priest. He said, 'Be seated a moment till I come back.'

However, when he returned to the room, the little messenger had vanished.

Thereupon, Father John set out; and though the wind was again blowing violently and the rain beat in his face, he soon was at the old man's cabin. A light was burning in the window. He opened the door and entered.

'Who's there?' asked the old man from his bed.

'The priest.'

'I would like to talk with you, Father. Sit down near me.'

His voice was weak, and the aged man spoke only with an effort.

The good priest sat by the bedside and listened to the story of the old man from the beginning to the end. He unburdened every secret of his soul that night to the servant of God. When his confession was over, he received absolution and final unction.

'Who told you to come to me, Father?' old Matthias asked, in a low, weak voice, when all was over. 'I prayed God you might come, but had no messenger to send for you.'

'Surely you sent a boy to me,' replied the astonished priest.

'I did n't send one.'

'You did n't? But a little boy knocked at my door and told me you needed me.'

The old man aroused himself and his eyes shone. 'What kind of a looking boy was it, Father?'

'A pretty little boy in a white jacket.'

'Did you notice a peculiar play of light about his hair?'

'Yes, that struck me at once.'

Old Matthias looked up and a smile hovered around his lips. He stretched upward both arms for a moment. Then the priest bowed gently over him and closed his eyes.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THIRLESTANE

BY H. W.

[*The Saturday Review*]

THE wind as swift, the air as clear
To Dartymoor in Devonshire,
As swift as clear the wind and air,
As though we still were walking there.

Kingsbridge Hill to Salcombe Bay:
We'll not come walking back that way,
Unless the years themselves should come
— Ghosts of our youth — to Thirlestane home.

Ghosts of our youth — does the train run
Still into dreams from Paddington?
And does the gray cathedral stir
Lovers still at Exeter?

Does the trap from Kingsbridge Station
Still with damned reverberation
Jolt a boy and girl who sit
Far too glad to notice it?

Are Totnes toffees still for sale,
And does the sticky kind prevail,
Adding a sweetness to the kiss
Of resolute confectioneries?

And does the postman still presume
To march into the sitting-room,
Gravely embarrassing his betters,
By observations on their letters?

Ah surely not! for all of this
Long since invited Nemesis,
And some wild moonlit night from Devon
Toppled clean over into heaven.

THE SECRET

BY LUCY MALLESON

[*The Bookman*]

OH, Beauty is n't just the rose
That lifts its face to greet the sky;
It 's something deeper than the rose,
But only He Who made it knows
What Beauty is, and why.

And Beauty is n't in your breast,
Your clasping hands, your eyes, your brow;
It 's something hidden in your breast
Where Love has laid him down to rest,
But only Love knows how.

Love is n't just the things we see,
Know, hear and handle, you and I;
It 's something deeper than we see,
That God has sown in you and me,
But only God knows why.

DYING GENERATIONS

BY W. J. TURNER

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

I LISTEN to the surfing tide
Escaping through a thousand stones;
The still dim stars its pallor hide
In their pale hands, sitting beside
The thin fire of the tide.

They sit in the dark sky forever,
Holding to earth's hearth-flowering tide
The palms of their pale hands;
A frail, reflected eventide
Sparkles and dwindles in the sands.

A myriad Buddhas in the sky
At prayer with their pale, uplifted hands
When the Sun died!
The crying, myriad-peopled sands
Quiver and vanish in the tide!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

POLO IN SCULPTURE

An American sculptor, Mr. Herbert Heseltine, has discovered a new field for sculpture, almost entirely unencumbered with traditions. He has devoted himself to immortalizing polo players and their ponies in bronze, and his work so far includes some highly original and very spirited pieces. Polo is the statue which has attracted most attention at the exhibition of his work held in London. It represents two players dashing at the ball, which lies on the ground at the very edge of the group; their horses at full speed, their bodies bent far forward, and their mallets flung far above them, ready for the downward sweep of their blows. It is the long slender lines of these mallets which produce the sense of breathlessness that the group gives. The rush of the horses, the virility and vigor of the riders, and the extraordinary life of the whole composition require only this final touch. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the mallets occupy almost half of the total height of the composition.

Another polo statue is called Riding Off. In this the thrust of the man and the horse against the striker is perfectly realized, and the silhouette of the whirling legs of the horses is resolved into a pattern which gives all the fury of the actual encounter and yet maintains a rhythm.

The exhibition naturally includes many statues of horses, and several portraits in bronze of famous steeds. King Edward's charger, Kildare, Queen Alexandra's barouche horse, Splendor, and a number of famous polo ponies are among his subjects. One of the best is a superbly modeled small bronze, An International Polo Pony.

Mr. Heseltine has created a piece of terrible realism in a group of war horses, which he calls Les Revenants. It consists of a long cavalcade of worn-out cavalry and artillery horses, driven along by two soldiers, one riding ahead and one in the rear. The composition approximates the rhythm of classic sculpture. Its subject leads an English critic to remark: 'Looking at this group one wonders if Mr. Heseltine will some day design a group of the new horror in Mesopotamia, where thousands of horses, who had served our men in the war there, are to be killed because it costs too much to bring them home. Surely that is a subject for symbolic sculpture!'

Mr. Heseltine has studied in Paris. He was a student of Morot, and a good deal of his work has been done in Spain. Practically all of his statues are of horses, although the present exhibition includes one figure of a bull, in which he again approaches the classics, this time in simplicity of outline.

MR. BERNARD SHAW AND THE BULGARIANS

A play by Mr. Bernard Shaw entitled *Heroes* — evidently *Arms and the Man* — has given profound offense to Bulgarian students who witnessed a performance at the Schönbrunn Castle Theatre in Vienna. The manager, who had been informed in advance of the hostile intentions of the Bulgarian members of the audience, made a speech before the play began, explaining that neither the author nor the theatre intended to offend the Bulgarians, and suggesting that the audience might regard Bulgaria in the play as

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an indefinite locality, like Shakespeare's Illyria.

The first act was not over, however, before an infuriated Bulgarian sprang up, shouting, 'Disgrace! We cannot endure this scandal!' and began an impassioned address to the audience. The police removed a number of persons, but there were similar interruptions during the second act, and even some scuffles between the Bulgarians and the Viennese, who have always been fond of Mr. Shaw's plays and evidently wanted to see this one.

The play was later withdrawn from the stage, and is not likely to be given again. Not only did Bulgarian students threaten to break up every performance by violence, but the Bulgarian Legation made diplomatic representations.

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THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND OF KEATS

A NEW ZEALAND correspondent of the London *Observer* announces the discovery of the grave of Charles Armitage Brown, the location of which was forgotten after the marker had been lost in the barricading of Marsland Hill, New Plymouth, in the Maori wars. During the spring the authorities dug over the greater part of the hill, and the stone slab was thus discovered.

Charles Armitage Brown was an intimate friend of Keats, and, apart from his association with the poet, will be remembered for an excellent book on Shakespeare's Sonnets and perhaps for the libretto of an opera, *Narensky*, which was produced at Drury Lane. He was with Keats on his walking trip through the Lake country; and it was in the garden of his English home, where a nightingale had nested while Keats was living with him, that the 'Ode to a Nightingale' was written. Brown later gave the following account of the creation of the poem: —

> Keats felt a tranquil and continued joy in her song; and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass-plot under a plum where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible; and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With his assistance I succeeded, and this was his 'Ode to a Nightingale.'

Brown also collaborated with Keats on his play *Otho the Great*.

He traveled in Italy after Keats's death, and in 1841 set out for New Zealand, where he died a year after his arrival. His son was elected to the House of Representatives in New Zealand and the family has since played a large part in the government of Taranaki Province. A granddaughter is teaching in one of the New Zealand schools, and a grandson is in a bank. The family retains a few relics of the Keats friendship, but most of them have been sent back to England, to be added to the collections there.

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AN ORIENTAL 'HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT'

MR. EDWARD POWYS MATHERS has rendered into English an interesting Oriental parallel to 'The House that Jack Built.' It is a street song from Thibet, called 'The Love of the Archer Prince,' which Mr. Mathers translates thus: —

> The Khan,
> The son of the Khan,
> The love of the son of the Khan,
> The veil of the love of the son of the Khan,
> The clear breeze that lifted the veil of the love of the son of the Khan,
> The buds of fire that scented the clear breeze that lifted the veil of the love of the son of the Khan,
> The Archer Prince whose love kissed the buds of fire that scented the clear breeze that

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lifted the veil of the love ofthe son of the Khan,
And the maid who wedded the Archer Prince whose love kissed the buds of fire that scented the clear breeze that lifted the veil of the love of the son of the Khan.

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PROLONGING INSECT LIFE

A FRENCH biologist, M. Louis Destouches, has been conducting some interesting experiments in the control of the duration of life in the caterpillars and adults of a European butterfly, *Galleria mellonella*. They are described as follows in the June number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle:* —

Can one prolong the life of man? In any event, the problem has suggested some interesting biological investigations — for example, those of M. Louis Destouches on the prolongation of life in *Galleria mellonella*. The duration of the whole life-cycle of the caterpillar of this species is about fourteen days at an optimum temperature of 37 degrees Centigrade. If one chills the surroundings, evolution goes on more slowly. Fifteen days are required at 34 degrees Centigrade; twenty-five days at 27 degrees. Below 17 degrees the transformation into the butterfly stage is rare; but the caterpillar lives two or three months. Between 10 and 4 degrees, the caterpillar ceases to move and to eat, dying in a month. From 4 to 2 degrees the process of oxygenation has been so reduced that, in six months, it loses a few milligrammes; but brought back to the proper temperature, it takes up again the course of its existence.

M. Destouches submitted the caterpillar to the action of two alternating temperatures of one degree and 37 degrees Centigrade, twenty-four hours for each at a time. The life-cycle then required twenty-five days. But it will be observed that this had no influence on the duration of life and the activity of the butterfly. One can slow up by cold the life-processes of the caterpillar, without affecting the vitality of the butterfly. On the other hand if one submits the butterfly to this experiment of alternating temperatures, it appears that life is very much prolonged; they live 30 or 35 days instead of 6 or 8, and lay from 25 to 35 eggs instead of 10 to 15. The alternating of temperatures assures a quintuple duration of life and double the production of young. To sum up — in order to prolong the duration of life of the caterpillar, low temperature is most efficacious, and to prolong that of the butterfly one must use alternating temperatures.

These experiments are in some respects a continuation of those begun by the eminent American entomologist, W. H. Edwards, who for many years made an exhaustive investigation of the effect of temperature upon the American butterfly, *Papilio ajax*, a form peculiar to the Southern part of the United States. His studies, which were mainly devoted to the changes produced in color by alterations of the temperatures of chrysalides, were later used by August Weismann, the leader of the German Neo-Darwinians, in his *Studies in the Theory of Descent.*

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PREHISTORIC ART IN MADRID

THE world's first exhibition of prehistoric art — unless our primeval ancestors were more up-to-date than we think — is now in progress in Madrid. The exhibits consist of reproductions of the paintings in the caves of Altamira, about two miles from Santillana del Mar in the province of Santander. The reproductions are made by the Society of the Friends of Art, under the direction of Don Elias Tormo, a well-known Spanish archæologist.

The Altamira paintings were first discovered, accidentally, by the little daughter of the archæologist Sautuola. The remarkable skill of this prehistoric art at once attracted world-wide attention, and interest in these and other specimens discovered in various parts of the country, encouraged by the Prince of Monaco and others, has steadily grown; so that in the last ten years alone

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thirty works in Spanish and French have appeared on the subject.

The present exhibition is the result and culmination of this interest. The figures have, in most cases, been admirably reproduced. They include what seem to be Iberian letters, — those, for instance, of Fuencaliente, — spirited fishes, and suns (which seem to have been the favorite subjects of art at Las Batuecas); horseshoes, women wearing short modern skirts, pictures of the chase and of the dance, tiny and most artistic stags from the Eastern regions of the Peninsula, and the magnificent, nearly life-size wild boars and bisons of Altamira, in the Northwest. The coloring of many of these figures is often extremely interesting. An interval of thousands of years divides some of the drawings from others; but all are very remote.

✻

ANDREYEV'S LATEST PLAY

M. Leonid Andreyev lives up to his reputation for wild, savage power in the most recently published of his plays, *To the Stars*, one of the 'Plays for a People's Theatre,' which has just been translated by Mr. Maurice Magnus. An astronomer is the central figure of the new play, and the scene is in the remote, snow-bound observatory where he lives, remote from the struggles and passions of mankind, a philosopher and a poet, with a logic all his own. Since M. Andreyev has created this astronomer, even the cold mathematics of his science necessarily becomes a little mad.

Into the chill scientific atmosphere of the observatory come crowding suddenly the refugees from a revolution which has been crushed on the earth far below. The refugees are members of the astronomer's family, or their associates, who feel contempt for this mere stargazer, who is lifted so far above the human struggle; for to him 'death, injustice, misfortune — all the black shadows of the earth — are vain cares.'

They oppose him. Friction and hatred grow in the observatory. The astronomer's trusted assistant, incensed by the wickedness of the world of humanity, rebels against the stars which he has studied; and persecution and cruelty force his son to madness. For an instant he himself trembles on the verge of the breaking-point, but he recovers. The play closes with a salutation to creative force which is one of the finest things in the play. The essential dramatic opposition is maintained throughout, between the sufferings of earth and a faith in the distant and unknown.

✻

THE GHOSTLY IMMIGRANT

The London *Morning Post* prints the following extraordinary narrative, which no good American can fail to enjoy: —

An American visitor was giving the other day some examples of the extraordinary speed and completeness with which the process of Americanization is carried out, even in the case of extreme alien types. Perhaps the most extraordinary instances occurred in the newly erected mansion, built in the style of an E-shaped Elizabethan manor, of a Chicago multi-millionaire. He decided to import a ghost to heighten the illusion of antiquity, and, after a prolonged search and the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, a satisfactory specimen was picked up in Devonshire and shipped to Chicago in cold storage. It walked by daylight and had every appearance, both as regards garb and figure, of having just missed the sailing of the Mayflower. The millionaire and his friends, some of the best people in Chicago, were delighted with its old-world looks and solemn deportment. On the third day, unfortunately, it was seen eating a doughnut.

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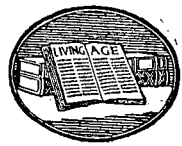

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